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The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches accepts the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

THE UNITARIAN

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The UNITARIAN

Volume XI. JANUARY, 1896 Number 1

THE NEW YEAR: "INCREASING LIFE'S RESOURCES."

A SERMON BY REV. HENRY T. SECRIST OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The New Year time invites us to consider our prospects for the year just before us. We are supposed to be thinking now about ridding ourselves of certain habits which have been injurious and of doing the things which we have known for some time ought to be done.

The past is gone from us: the future is here for our making.

* * *

It is no more use to try to sustain ourselves and to grow spiritually without nourishment than it is physically. It is no more use to try to lift ourselves spiritually without some means of support than it is physically.

If we are sure that we have plenty of strength, then we may go on with confidence; and that wins half the battle. A sure base of supplies is an invaluable help. In the warfare for the right the enemy is wise enough always to seek to come between us and our supplies.

It will be directly to the point, then, for me to ask you at this time of enthusiasm and planning to look toward increasing your resources. "All things are yours"; that is, if you know how to get hold of them honestly and also how to keep them when you have them. God's riches are for all, but he is wise enough to give more only to those who are ready to use them. Divine generosity is not slovenly and wasteful. But the earnest seeker always receives in abundance.

The suggestion may be made in this way: that we look carefully to our investments, noting what they have been, what have brought the largest and best returns, and so, of course, look to what we want to give more of our attention in the year before us.

Surely, no one need be told what is the nature of the most profitable resources. We merely need to be convinced of some of our folly by an experience in wisdom. We know that there are some whose wealth has not brought them satisfaction. We know there are some whom even the glamour of fame has at last left wretched. Let us be bold enough to assume that such aims are not of serious concern now. They have been tried, and have been found wanting. Henceforth we shall make other investments. Henceforth we shall seek, first of all, for the resources which will enlarge life, which will bring the blessings of happiness and the satisfactions of peace.

* * *

A good way to begin will be to try to see what we already have. Very likely, we have more than we supposed.

We may take the past year, and make it yield an increase of resources to us. It ought to yield every one a constant income of guidance and strength. What is gone is indeed "secure and fast."

We are in command of the events and of ourselves now. To cut ourselves loose from that past would diminish our resources. Something you have done, something another has done for you, some person you have met, some thought that has come to you, some place you have visited,—these must become parts of your permanent pos-

sessions. Blessed be the law which makes it impossible to change, for it makes it possible to retain. A memory stored with what even one year has brought ought to be forevermore a help toward better living. Shame be upon us if we sit down and idly wait for just what happens to come out of our past! God cannot give his best gifts to the sluggard. It is befitting us to enter the past with a vigorous and an expectant mind, and to see how many treasures we may gain from it, and so endeavor to increase our resources there. Take all those bright days and those sad days and those neglected days, and let them be purified by your present purpose, and out of all of them shall come some cheer and some wisdom which you cannot afford to miss.

* * *

We may vastly increase our resources by a wider and a more intimate acquaintance with the external world. Here we are, moving about in it: how much help does it give us? Let us ask that; for, though it is our duty to help the world first, yet we shall hardly be able to do that well unless it at the same time is allowed to help us. Perhaps we may call this way increasing our resources extensively. As the external world opens up its wonders to the growing child, and all objects about him increase his interest, so it should be to us all continually. It is a misfortune for a man, if he ceases to find any wonders in the world. If there is no wonder, there is no worship; and, if there is no worship, there will not be much life of the spirit. What there is remains only by clinging; and there is little, if any, hope of increase.

But there are wonders even for the wisest, —more to him than to any other. There lies our hope.

This knowledge of the world of nature serves its purpose when it aids right living. The vital import is the final test of the worth of all study. One cannot even study the rocks efficiently unless he is capable of being aroused by the great thoughts with which he must come in contact there, and these great thoughts must invite him to greatness of life. A genuine companionship with greatness of any kind must make us in our degree great. Such is the divine decree.

* * *

We may increase our resources by a further acquaintance with the internal world; and we shall call that way increasing our resources intensively. There are within mines of gold which we have not yet discovered, and there are others which we have not managed so as to make them yield their richest results.

It will be well to recall here that one thing thoroughly understood will lead to a knowledge of all things. An understanding of many objects is not possible to vast multitudes of people. But let a man see well what he does see, see in it and through it and around it, and he must needs come in contact with that divinity in which all valuable resources are to be found. One law obeyed will bring easier obedience to others. That means for us to search more deeply into what we have. Though we may not have many possessions, we are to make more valuable and serviceable what we do have.

Every person has, at least, himself. He may understand more of himself, and thus, at least, increase his resources. If we appreciate what are the thoughts and sentiments and hopes which we all have, we shall make a gain of more worth for producing happiness and holiness than fine houses or philosophical treatises can possibly afford. The person who has travelled far and wide has a certain advantage. He ought to be better as well as wiser on account of his travels. Yet it does not always happen so. The travel is not possible for the majority. So we shall stay at home if we cannot go abroad, and shall try to see how much of God's world may be found in our own nature.

We have not yet called forth the strength we already possess, to say nothing of making more by the common and natural method of exercise. We do not deserve much pity for any fault, when we are merely too lazy to call forth our power of resistance. A large number of our failures are due to shallowness. Our cry for strength is weak because of our sluggishness. We have not even gone down into the depths, and of course are not living there.

I want to take it for granted that to do something for others is acknowledged to be an excellent means for increasing the resources for our own living. If a man has

not yet learned that lesson, he must go back into the primary class for religious instruction. Suppose you try an investment here for at least a year, and find out whether it will not pay you, as well as assist some unfortunate one. Do it as a business undertaking, if you will, and give to it the time and attention which you would give to any important undertaking. You can afford it, or, rather, you cannot afford to neglect it. Heaven has sent down its richest blessings upon some who have dared to do so.

Somehow, we must have resources enough not merely to meet the ordinary needs that come day by day. Worldly wisdom might finally teach us to make provision for them, but many of us fall when the unexpected comes. A crisis comes for which there was no preparation. A temptation besets us for which we have no force in reserve. Some give up, some go to ruin, some even kill themselves. This comes about because the source of supply is exhausted. There has been none conserved for the extraordinary demand. There must be more resources than are commonly being called upon, if there is to be safety. You must work out your salvation beforehand. You must lay by something for the stormy day in your spiritual life. Then you can meet the emergencies with confidence, and shall have all that is needed to carry you through them to victory. Such crises are in the year before you. It is folly to worry about them, but it is sensible to recognize that they may come. Surely, it is wise to prepare for them by so increasing our resources that we may have sufficient to draw upon in emergencies.

It is literally true that we may have connection with an unfailing supply of all that is needful to make us upright and happy. Everywhere we may approach toward what is unlimited in abundance. And what does all this imply but that in these various ways we are coming into a more intimate acquaintance with God?

It may not seem altogether appropriate to speak in commercial terms on such a sublime theme, but we should know that here is where we should make our investments if we want them to bring satisfactory returns. When we search diligently in the external world, we are directed through the rock toward God, or, when we go down into our own natures, we are directed toward the same God.

By knowing more of God, then, we are doing what is necessary in our attempts after a perfect life. The strength of the outward world is re-enforced by a larger strength, and our own strength is re-enforced by the same larger strength. There is no time for sin, no desire for it. We have something so much better to be thinking about and doing. We must make more and better ways for pleasantness and peace. That will be better than any of our spasmodic efforts. What we undertake we shall be able to carry out.

It is ours to make the places about us speak to us of God. Here is a building with precious memories clinging to it. When we pass it, it calls us, unconsciously, to righteousness. So of many objects. But how some places haunt us, because of regretful memories of them! We do not want to visit them, and in that part of our world God is almost shut out from us. The college boy wastes his time in idleness and dissipation, and in later years every tree and every stone and every path of the college grounds taunts him; and those scenes which ought to fill his life with pleasant remembrances are suggestive only of sinfulness and productive only of regret. There are certain spots which are sacred to us because we found there an impulse to godliness. As we pass them, they bring comfort and cheer. There are certain moments that are specially precious to us, and bring consolation through all our years, and are even angels of peace, hovering about the end of our years. These places and moments have saved us, encouraged us, cheered us. This is a simple and natural way to a holier life.

Now, I propose that we make more such moments and find more such places, and so increase our resources for right living. There are plenty of places and objects which are dumb to us as yet, which may be made to speak. There are all the moments of the year and the years before us. Shall we not make them messengers of God, that shall be about us all the time for our guidance and help? It is within our power to have these places and objects and moments mute, or we may make them speak. If they speak to us, they are added to our resources. If we think nobly and speak

gently and act bravely, from about us and within us may be gained friends and helpers who shall be our constant companions.

To make this year such that we shall like to look back upon it is the delightful task which is put before us. We may so use it, so search out its secrets of wisdom and love, and so aim and work that at its end it may be added as a great increase in our resources for happiness and holiness in all time to come, because we shall make more of its moments sacred, so that they shall always be speaking to us about God.

A MARTYR-PRIEST: UGO BASSI.

"A single striking and pathetic personality has passed into the legend of free Italy, as representing all the elements of patriotism existing within the ecclesiastic pale. Others are forgotten: Ugo Bassi is not; and the Italian people have added a saintly nimbus to his crown of martyrdom." *

In one of the public libraries of Philadelphia is a certain book, carefully locked away, and only to be examined by visitors under supervision, at the desk. It is called "A Relic of the Italian Revolution," by G. Daelli; and this copy was printed in New Orleans in 1849. It contains the reprints of a series of satirical sketches drawn to illustrate several of the leading Roman journals during the short-lived republic of that year. It is a book more likely to interest a historian or a bibliographer than the general reader. The somewhat coarse engravings (explained by copious notes in French, English, and Italian) are often roughly and incorrectly drawn. Caricature is made to run wild in exposing the vices and follies of priests and kings. The sarcasm is frequently fierce and pungent rather than refined. The volume, on the whole, may prove somewhat disappointing, even to an enthusiast for the subject of Italian unity; yet there is one picture toward the close (probably added after the others were already before the public) where, in the stead of allegorical monsters and overstrained attempts at the heroic, we find the rudely realistic sketch of a scene which, be it real or imaginary, is by many believed to have taken place almost as it is represented on the page before us.

In the background, to the right, we see a double file of ferocious, heavy-featured Croats, with their captain, awaiting orders. To the front a man, still in the prime of life, is kneeling upon the stones, with closed eyes, and an air of quiet suffering and unconscious heroism upon his worn, finely marked face, beside a fire burning upon the ground. Close behind him to the left stands a fierce figure in the dress of a priest, one hand roughly laid on the head of the kneeling prisoner, while the other is thrusting into the flames some long, sharp-pointed stick or implement (it is hard to say which) that he is about to use for the purpose of degrading his victim from the ranks of the clergy (without which savage ceremony no priest might lawfully be executed) by scorching the palms of his hands and his forehead, once consecrated by the holy oil. Another repulsive form, also in clerical garb, stands at his side.

This kneeling prisoner is Fra Ugo Bassi who (said by an eye-witness to have undergone this mockery of "deconsecration") was shot at Bologna, by order of the Austrians, Aug. 8, 1849, having been captured after he had followed Garibaldi, as chaplain, on his retreat from Rome.

Ugo Bassi, whom the grateful memory of patriotic Italians has thus enshrined as the ideal of a martyr-priest, was the son of a native of Bologna, but on his mother's side of Greek blood. He was born at Cento in the first year of this century, his parents removing to Bologna for the sake of his education. His baptismal name was Giovanni. When but fourteen, he showed his soldier-spirit by attempting to enlist under Murat. Gentle, studious, and precocious, the chief incident of his early youth was the romance of his secret and boyish attachment to a delicate young girl, Anna Bentiviglio, the sister of a schoolmate. She faded away of a decline; and Bassi, who had begged to be allowed to see her in her coffin, after kneeling long in silence, gazing at her face, arose from his knees with the fixed determination to renounce the world and become a monk. When not more than eighteen, on Oct. 24, 1818, he entered as a

* From "Italian Characters in the Epoch of Unification," p. 271. A masterly series of most interesting biographies by the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco (*née* Evelyn Carrington). The article upon Bassi, to which we are gratefully indebted for much of the material for the present outline of his career, appeared in the *British Quarterly Review* for January, 1881.

novice of the Order of St. Barnabas, preferring it to that of St. Francis, because, as he said, "I do not wish to beg," and exchanging his name of Giovanni for that of Ugo.

For nearly fifteen years we know but little of him save that he was soon sent to Rome, where he was busied with religious duties, studies of antiquity, and music, gaining, moreover, a fluent command of writing both in French and English. He was also a student of Greek and Latin, and a constant reader of Shakspeare and Byron. He painted and sang well, and wrote a long poem called "The Cross Victorious," in which his poetic prophecy of a future Rome, freed and regenerated, which should be destined to become the guiding star of nations, reminds us of Mazzini's own dearest visions, so eloquently and so often expressed in the great republican's poetic prose.

Like Savonarola, Bassi had been many years a monk before he became known as a preacher; though, unlike the former, he seems to have had no record of failures at the start. It was not until 1833 that his public ministry was entered upon. His sermons, while lacking, as it is said, in the force and finish requisite to satisfy an Anglo-Saxon audience, were yet admirably adapted to an enthusiastic Italian one. We are told that his intellect always retained a youthful element, never maturing beyond a certain point. But he evidently possessed in large measure that simplicity of nature so often found among Europeans, which, when united to intelligence, kindliness, and sympathy, never fails to produce an attractive whole. In the only too copious German tongue there are two different words to express our one for "simplicity." One is *Einfachheit*, signifying that simplicity which coexists with intelligence. The other, *Einfältigkeit*, denotes the quality which makes a simpleton. We may say of Bassi that he was truly *einfach* but not *einfältig*. His well-earned fame as a preacher was soon heightened by his heroic devotion to the victims of a cholera epidemic at Palermo. He had recently left the city, when, hearing of the peril, he hastened back, going straight to a hospital, where he stayed, astonishing both patients and physicians by his fearless fortitude and untiring efforts among the sufferers until the pestilence was over. He then continued his career as a preacher in Italy with equal success,—as he said, "preaching the holy gospel and praising the Infinite Goodness."

In 1847 he had an interview at the Vatican with the new liberal pontiff, Pio Nono, then in the prime of his short-lived popularity, who, after he had talked with him, exclaimed, "What a good heart Father Bassi has!" and is said to have been much affected when, a couple of years later, he was told of his tragic and untimely death. Then came the memorable days of 1848. Bassi was preaching a course of Lenten sermons at Ancona when Father Gavazzi passed through, in his capacity of chaplain to a band of the "Crociati" (Crusaders), as the volunteers were called by the hopeful, excited Italians. The liberal pope had sent his troops to the front, commanded by General Durando, who ordered each man to wear a cross upon his breast. All Italy was in the ferment of patriotic excitement started by the news of the five days' fighting at Milan (March, 1848), when the Austrians had been put to flight. The papal soldiers had been harangued by Gavazzi at a great meeting in the Coliseum before their departure. Bassi gladly seized the opportunity of offering his priestly services to Gavazzi, accompanied him to Bologna, and preached to a vast crowd, with an effect reported as being "beyond all possibility of believing." All classes pressed forward with offerings for the patriotic cause. But the inevitable reaction at Rome had already begun.

There seems no reason to doubt that Pio Nono, although not a man of very strong intellect or character, was personally inclined to liberal ideas, while but too soon discovering that he could not go on in the paths of liberalism as a pope. Had he been a private citizen, a simple parish priest, or even an obscure monk, it seems not unlikely that his sympathies with the better order of things might have impelled him forward, if not precisely side by side with Bassi and Gavazzi, still in the direction of struggle and sacrifice for his native land. But his mind then, as ever, remained fettered by the fixed idea of its being his duty to "transmit the heritage of Saint Peter undiminished to

his successors." A parallel might almost be drawn in this respect between him and the unfortunate Charles Albert of Sardinia, whose inability to advance as firmly and as far as he otherwise would have wished in the direction of Italian emancipation is said to be partially owing to the fact (not often mentioned) of his having been obliged, when heir-presumptive, to obtain a reconciliation with his uncle Charles Felix (who had been advised to try to oust him from the succession) by making an agreement that as king he would "maintain the government during his reign precisely as he found it on his accession," as a penalty for his share in the unsuccessful liberal movements of 1821.

All know the sequel,—the pope's rapid backsliding from the liberal ranks, his easy surrender to the powers of retrogression. He disclaimed active activities, and his general crossed the Po "against orders."

Bassi continued with the troops as a chaplain, displaying the utmost coolness under fire, exposing himself continually, hit by bullets in three places during a sortie from Treviso, and refusing all attention to his wounds until he had given the last sacraments to General Guidotti, who was dying. Bassi rejoiced, in his simple-hearted, boyish fashion, in having at last shed his blood for Italy, and soon went to Venice, where Manin, then President, took him into his own house until his tedious convalescence was over. No sooner had he recovered than he resumed his untiring labors among the soldiers and the sick. After the Roman troops had been recalled from Venice, he went to Ravenna, and thence to Bologna. This was late in 1848, and in February, 1849, the Constituent Assembly of Rome proclaimed a republic, the pope having fled some weeks before.

Bassi hastened to Rome, and in March went to Rieti to join Garibaldi, of whom he wrote to his mother: "The dear reception I have received from the hero, Garibaldi, I cannot describe, or rather I could not have wished it better. . . This is the hero my soul has ever sought."

The strong attraction was mutual. He became the chaplain of his beloved general, who soon adroitly persuaded him to exchange the now so unpopular monkish robe, which at times exposed him to ill-usage, for "a uniform of his own, which he had twice worn,—handsome and most precious. . . . So the next day I went forth dressed in Garibaldi's uniform. He wears no badge of generalship, such as gold lace, slashings, and other mockeries, but dresses like the rest of the officers. . . . About Italy I will not speak: shame makes me silent. Italy is here in our camp. . . . Italy is Garibaldi and his followers."

It was during these last months of his life that the sort of poetic charm attached to Bassi's magnetic personality reached its climax. Garibaldi wrote afterward, "For our wounded, Ugo Bassi, young, handsome, and eloquent, was really the angel of death." In point of fact, he was some years older than his adored general; yet he evidently was one of those mortals who always still seem young. Far on though he was in the late forties, he made an impression of youthfulness, assisted by his fair skin, calm, clear eyes, long, flowing brown hair, and the sweetness of his frequent smile. He carried no arms, and wore the priestly crucifix on his breast, outside of Garibaldi's uniform. Galloping on a fiery horse at the side of his general (for whom he often acted as orderly), he would dash into the midst of the fight, sometimes seizing a wounded man and hoisting him upon his own saddle and carrying him out of fire. He himself was never again wounded, though Garibaldi exclaimed: "That man saddens me. One can see that he is bent on getting killed." When he routed the first attack of the French, under Oudinot, on that memorable 30th of April, 1849, the only prisoner made by the flying enemy was Ugo Bassi, who had had his horse shot under him, and was sitting on the ground, supporting one of the wounded. Rudely treated by the French soldiers, he received more courtesy from Gen. Oudinot, who employed him as the messenger for his unsuccessful attempts at negotiations with the Roman government. He had written exultingly to his mother, "Now we are to the front, and live like real soldiers." During the period of the armistice with the French he accompanied Garibaldi on his victorious campaign against the king of Naples, who was leading an army toward Rome, but was defeated at Velletri and other places; while the "Lion," soon returning in triumph, told

how Bassi would implore him to "send him wherever there was danger," instead of some one more useful than himself. When, ere daybreak, on the stormy 3d of June the armistice was virtually broken by the French attacking the outposts of the Villa Pamphili, beyond the Porta San Pancrazio, the short, sharp siege of Rome had really begun.

Readers of Margaret Fuller's letters may remember her description of the state of things during these four weeks of vain yet heroic struggle. On June 10 she writes, "This Rome is being destroyed: her glorious oaks, her villas, haunts of sacred beauty, that seemed the possession of the world forever,— . . . all must perish, lest a foe should level his musket from their shelter." And again, after she had undertaken the supervision of a hospital, she exclaims, in agonized pity for the wounded, many of them mere boys, and many already exiles from their place of birth, "I forget the great ideas, to sympathize with the poor mothers!"

It is easy to imagine how a man like Bassi, brave as a lion and gentle as any woman, strove and labored among the sick and dying. When on July 2 the Constituent Assembly found themselves compelled to desist from the now impossible defence, the Triumvirs Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini resigned from office to avoid hindering the necessary capitulation or taking an active part. Garibaldi (to whom it is said that a safe conduct had been refused by the French, who were to enter the city the next day) decided to leave Rome, and offer his services either to Tuscany or Venice, with as many of his men as chose to follow him on a path where, as he told them, they would have no pay, no rations, only "hunger, peril, and war." It is said that five hundred horse and four thousand foot rallied round him in the great square of the Vatican, in sight of the balcony of St. Peter's, where that year at Easter, instead of the usual benediction pronounced by the pope (now a fugitive at Gaeta), the Romans had seen the consecrated host reverently borne aloft in its *Monstranz* by priestly hands, in sight of the vast multitude, while a blessing was spoken (some say by Gavazzi), and the triumvirs stood bareheaded behind the sacred symbol, in token of their recognition of a great truth hidden in the emblem, which the absence of a pope could have no power to destroy.

From the Vatican Garibaldi led his troop to the Piazza of St. John Lateran, the true cathedral church of Rome. All who have seen this noble building will recall its imposing situation, high at one end of the city, looking, from its sloping esplanade, far out, above the wall, into a sunny distance, bare and wild. Tall, reed-like plants grow on the half-marshy soil toward the gate, and bend their heads to the breeze with a soft, dry rustle. Margaret tells how she followed the Garibaldi legion to the piazza where Rienzi once held his triumph. "The sun was setting, the crescent moon rising, the flower of the Italian youth were marshalling in that solemn place. They had all put on the beautiful dress of the Garibaldi legion,—the tunic of bright red cloth, the Greek cap, or round hat, with Puritan plume. Their long hair was blown back from resolute faces. . . . I saw the wounded, all that could not go, laden upon their baggage-cars. I saw many youths, born to rich inheritance, carrying in a handkerchief all their worldly goods. The wife of Garibaldi followed him on horseback. He himself was distinguished by the white tunic. His look was entirely that of a hero of the Middle Ages,—his face still young. He went upon the parapet, and looked upon the road with a spy-glass; and, no obstruction being in sight, he turned his face for a moment back upon Rome, then led the way through the gate. . . . Never have I seen a sight so beautiful, so romantic, and so sad!"

Moments like these are the poetry of history. If only the future Lion of Caprera and Deliverer of the Two Sicilies could have foreseen, as he "turned his face for a moment back upon Rome," the day when, eleven years later, that face of his was to strike its magnetic influence into the hearts of the royalist gunners who stood with lighted matches behind their cannon, at the gates of Naples, as—with the words, "Drive slowly,—more slowly!"—the general, in his open carriage, calmly rose to his feet with folded arms, and fixed his eyes upon them, till every match was dropped, and every cap was flung into the air with a deafening shout of "Viva Garibaldi!" If Mar-

garet Fuller could have foreseen it as she stood watching the legion wind down that sloping road behind the church and out into the Italian sunset, her own brave heart bleeding for them, for Italy, and, most of all, for Rome!

Ugo Bassi, worn and weary (his last public function seems to have been when, on the morning of this same 2d of July, he had pronounced the funeral oration over Luciano Manara, the young Milanese hero, called the Lombard Lion), did not start with Garibaldi, but joined him at Tivoli. Often compelled to lag behind, he had caught up with his chief when, after manifold hardships and perils, he, with the remnant of his legion, embarked (in thirteen small fishing-smacks) at Cesenatico, on the Adriatic. In the boat with Garibaldi went Bassi, Anita (who, though ill, refused to be left), and several others. Troubled at first by a gale, when in sight of Venice they were chased by Austrian vessels. Most of the boats were captured; but four, including Garibaldi's, were driven ashore near the celebrated Pineta (pine forest) of Ravenna, where Byron once took his daily rides, and Dante in his exile wandered centuries ago. Some of the scattered patriots were caught and shot without trial, by the Austrians. Garibaldi, his suffering Anita, and Bassi were together. Bassi quitted them for the purpose of trying to exchange his scarlet trousers (borrowed from necessity of a soldier) for some of a less military and compromising color. Garibaldi struggled on with his dying wife toward the secluded farm-house (occupied by the steward of the Marquis Guiccioli) where she in a few hours breathed her last, her body being perforce left to be hurriedly interred by the kind peasants, while the hunted hero with difficulty made his escape through the wild solitudes.

Ugo Bassi soon joined company with a wounded officer, Count Livraghi, whom he met, and with whom he sought temporary shelter at a little inn near Comacchio. Discovered while they were sleeping the sleep of exhaustion by a papal commissary, they were dragged before the governor of the town, who would gladly have let them go, but dared not. A friend attempted to save them, but was too late. Twelve Croats drove them to prison, with pointed bayonets. They were kept in captivity for two days. Bassi occupied himself with drawing on the wall a picture of Christ on the cross, writing under it: "Here Ugo Bassi suffered something, glad in spirit through the knowledge that he was innocent. Livraghi, a captain of Garibaldi, was present, and shared in everything." On the third day they were taken to Bologna, "my own dear country" (*la mia cara patria*), as Bassi called it, chained, and guarded by soldiers. It did not take long for the Austrian authorities to decide what to do. Count Livraghi was a Lombard, who had once served in the Austrian army; and Bassi was a follower of Garibaldi. That was enough. They were condemned to death.

Of the twelve priests, hastily summoned to lend a show of churchly sanction to Bassi's execution, three were Hungarians, and simply refused to countersign his death-warrant, chaplains in the Austrian army though they were. The nine Italians proved more timid or less scrupulous, and signed. Monsignor Bedini, the papal legate, afterward disclaimed his supposed complicity with this semi-judicial murder, alleging that he had tried to delay the execution, which the Austrian general, Gorgowsky, had prematurely hurried through without his knowledge.

There is little else to be told. Bassi's long record of bravery and gentleness remained unbroken to the last. His only sister was permitted to take leave of him; but his aged mother, for the short remainder of her life, was made to believe he was in prison, and might be released. On August 8 Bassi and Livraghi were taken to a spot, outside the gate of Sant' Isaia, where criminals were executed. A large crowd had assembled. The young officer in command was so deeply moved by the dreadful task before him that the order to fire had to be given by another.

He was buried near the spot where he fell. Every morning the place was found strewn with flowers, so that the papal commissary soon had the body transferred to the enclosed cemetery of the Certosa, where unknown friends would find it less easy to wander after dark. Ten years later, in September, 1859, when Garibaldi, as the hero of Como and Varese, was making his triumphal progress through Northern Italy, he

was told at Bagna Cavallo that some one wished to speak with him. In a short time he rejoined his friends, deeply agitated, carrying a rosary once belonging to Ugo Bassi. A sympathizing Romagnole priest, who had stood by him when he was led out to be shot (bleeding from the shameful wounds of the "deconsecration"), had received it from him, with the request that he would one day give it into the hands of the general, for whom he often said he should be glad to die, and who had written of Bassi that "he possessed at once the simplicity of a child, the faith of a martyr, the knowledge of a scholar, and the calm courage of a hero." *

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

THE ETERNAL REALITY OF RELIGION.†

BY JOHN FISKE, LL.D.

Speaking historically, it may be said that religion has always had two sides. On the one side, it has consisted of a theory more or less elaborate; and, on the other side, it has consisted of a group of sentiments conformable to the theory. Now, in all ages and in every form of religion the theory has comprised three essential elements.

First, the belief in Deity as quasi-human.

Second, belief in an unseen world in which human beings continue to exist after death.

Third, recognition of the ethical aspects of human life as related in a special and intimate sense to this unseen world.

These three elements, I should say, are alike indispensable. If any one of the three be taken away, the remnant cannot properly be called a religion. Is, then, the subject-matter of religion something real and substantial, or is it a mere figment of the imagination? Has religion, through all these centuries, been dealing with an eternal verity, or has it been blindly groping after a phantom? Can that history of the universe which we call the doctrine of evolution be made to furnish any lesson that will prove helpful in answering this question?

We shall find, I think, that it does furnish such a lesson. First, let us remember that, along with the three indispensable elements here specified, every historical religion has always contained a quantity of cosmological speculation, metaphysical doctrine, priestly rites and ceremonies and injunctions; and a very considerable part of this construction has been abolished by criticism. The destruction of beliefs has been so great that we can hardly think it strange if some critics have taken it into their heads that nothing can be rescued. But let us see what the doctrine of evolution has to say. Our inquiry will for a few moments seem to take us far afield, but that we need not mind if we find the answer directing us homeward.

One of the richest contributions made to scientific knowledge in our day is Herbert Spencer's luminous exposition of life as "the continuous adjustment of inner relations to outer relations." The extreme simplicity of the subject in its earliest illustrations is such that the student hardly suspects the wealth of knowledge of various sorts to which it is opening the way. The most fundamental characteristic of living things is their response to external stimuli. If you come upon a dog lying by the roadside, and are in doubt whether he is alive, you poke him with a stick. If you get no response, you presently think that it is a dead dog. So, if a tree fails to put forth leaves, it is an indication of death. Pour water on a drooping plant, and it shows its life by rearing its head: this is a result of a continuous adjustment of relations within the plant to relations existing outside of it. All life upon the globe, whether psychical or physical, represents continued adjustment of inner to outer relations: the de-

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* A graceful tribute has been paid to his memory in the poem of "The Disciples," by the gifted Englishwoman, Mrs. Harriet Eleanor Hamilton King. The portion relating to Bassi has been separately printed, in this country, ten years ago, in a booklet called "A Sermon in the Hospital." In flowing and musical blank verse we are told, as if by an auditor, of Bassi's preaching in one of the hospitals in Rome,—whether during the period of the revolution or not, we do not hear. Beautiful in language, ranking high as a literary production, full of feeling, sympathy, and tenderness, this sermon, judged from the ethical standpoint, seems too deeply tinctured by what Mazzini called "the fatal philosophy of resignation." To a Catholic, like Bassi, or even to an orthodox Anglican, the ideas so touchingly set forth may commend themselves more than they do to minds accustomed to more liberal theology, and opposed to the doctrines of a mysticism likely to enervate rather than to brace the suffering soul.

† Abstract from an address delivered before the "Unitarian Club" of Boston, Mass.

gree of life is low or high, according as the correspondence between internal and external relations is simple or complex, perfect or imperfect. The whole progression of life upon the globe, in so far as it has been achieved through natural selection, has consisted in the preservation and propagation of those living creatures in whom the adjustment of inner relations to outer relations is most successful. This is only a more descriptive way of saying that natural selection is equivalent to survival of the fittest.

The shapes of animals, as well as their capacities, have been evolved through almost infinitely slow increments of adjustment upon adjustment. In this way, for instance, has been evolved the vertebrate skeleton, through a process of which Spencer's analysis is as thrilling as a poem. Or consider the development of the special organs of sense: among the most startling disclosures of modern embryology are those which belong to this subject. The most perfect organs of touch are the *vibrissæ*, or whiskers, of the cat. These are merely specialized forms of such hairs as those which cover the bodies of most mammals, and which remain, in evanescent shape, upon the human skin, imbedded in minute sacs. Now, in their origin, the eye and ear are, like these, sundry specialized, differentiated hairs. The implication of these facts is that sight and hearing were slowly differentiated from the sense of touch. We seem to discern from it how, in the history of the eye, there was at first a sensitive pigment, making one spot particularly sensitive to light. Then came, by slow degrees, the increased translucence, the convexity of surface, and the multiplication of vesicles arranging themselves as retinal rods. And what was the result of all this for the creature in whom organs of vision were thus developed? There was an immense extension of the range, complexity, and definiteness of the adjustment of inner relations to outer relations. In other words, there was an immense increase of life. There came into existence new marvels for those with eyes to see,—a mighty visible world that for sightless creatures had been virtually non-existent. With the further progress of organic life the high development of the senses was attended or followed by the increase of brain development and the correlative intelligence, immeasurably enlarging the scope of the correspondence between the living creature and the outer world.

In the case of man the adjustments by which we meet the exigencies of life from day to day are largely psychical. Our actions are guided by our theory of the situation; and it needs no illustration to show us that a true theory is an adjustment of one's ideas to the external facts, and that such adjustments are helps to successful living. The whole work of education is directed toward cultivating the capacity of framing associations of ideas that conform to objective facts. It is thus that life is guided.

So, as we look back over the marvellous life-history of our planet, even from the time when there was no life more exalted than that of conferva scum on the surface of a pool, through ages innumerable until the present time, when man is beginning to learn how to decipher nature's secrets,—we look back over an infinitely slow series of minute adjustments, gradually and laboriously increasing the points of contact between the inner life and the world environing it. Step by step in the upward advance toward humanity the environment has enlarged, from the world of the fresh water alga, with its tiny field and its brief term of existence, to the world of civilized men, which comprehends the stellar universe during æons of time. Every such enlargement has had reference to actual existences outside. The eye was developed in response to the outward existence of radiant light, the ear in response to the outward existence of acoustic vibrations. The mother's love came in response to the infant's needs. Fidelity and honor were gradually developed as the nascent social life required them. Everywhere the internal adjustment has been brought about so as to harmonize with some actually existing external fact. Such has been nature's method: such is the deepest law of all life that science has been able to detect.

Now there was a critical moment in the history of our planet, when love was beginning to play a part hitherto unknown, when the notions of right and wrong were germinating in the nascent human soul,

when the family was coming into existence, when social ties were beginning to be knit, when winged words first took their flight through the air. This is the moment when the process of evolution was being shifted to a higher plane, when civilization was to be superadded to organic evolution, when the last and highest of creatures was coming upon the scene, when the dramatic purpose of creation was approaching fulfilment. At that critical moment we see the nascent human soul vaguely reaching forth toward something akin to itself, not in the realm of fleeting phenomena, but in the eternal presence beyond. An internal adjustment of ideas was achieved in correspondence with an unseen world. That the ideas were very crude and childlike, that they were put together with all manner of grotesqueness, is what might be expected. The cardinal fact is that the crude, childlike mind was groping to put itself into relation with an ethical world not visible to the senses. And one aspect of this fact not to be lightly passed over is the fact that religion, thus set upon the scene coeval with the birth of humanity, has played such a dominant part in the subsequent evolution of human society that what history would be without it is quite beyond our imagination. As to the dimensions of this cardinal fact, there can thus be no question. None can deny that it is the largest and most ubiquitous fact connected with the existence of mankind upon the earth.

Now, if the relation thus established, in the morning twilight of man's career, between the human soul and the world invisible and immaterial is a relation of which only the subjective term is real and the objective term is non-existent, then I say it is something utterly without precedent in the whole history of creation. All the analogies of evolution, so far as men have been able to decipher it, are overwhelmingly against any such supposition. All the analogies of nature fairly shout against the assumption of such a breach of continuity between the evolution of man and all previous evolution. So far as our knowledge of nature goes, the whole momentum of it carries us forward to the conclusion that the unseen world, as the objective term in a relation that has coexisted with the whole career of mankind, has a real existence; and it is but following out the analogy to regard that unseen world as the theatre where the ethical process is destined to reach its full consummation.

The lesson of evolution is that through all these weary ages the human soul has not been cherishing in religion a delusive phantom; but, in spite of seemingly endless groping and stumbling, it has been rising to the recognition of its essential kinship with the ever-living God. Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the everlasting reality of religion.

So far as I am aware, the foregoing argument is here advanced for the first time. It does not pretend to meet the requirements of scientific demonstration: one must not look for scientific demonstration in problems that contain so many factors transcending our direct experience. But, as an appeal to our common sense, the argument here brought forward surely has great weight. It seems to me far more convincing than any chain of subtle metaphysical reasoning can ever be; for such chains, however invincible in appearance, are no stronger than the weakest of their links, and in metaphysics one is always suspecting some undetected flaw. My argument represents the impression irresistibly forced upon one by a pretty broad general familiarity with nature's processes and methods. It therefore belongs to the class of arguments that survive.

Observe, it is far from being a trite repetition of the old argument that beliefs universally accepted must be true. Upon the view here presented, every specific opinion ever entertained by men regarding religious things may be wrong, and in all probability is exceedingly crude; yet the everlasting reality of religion, in its three indispensable elements, as here set forth, remains unassailable.

Our common-sense argument puts the scientific presumption entirely and decisively on the side of religion, and against all atheistic and materialistic explanations of the universe. It establishes harmony between our highest knowledge and our highest aspirations by showing that the latter, no less than the former, are a normal

result of the universal cosmic process. It has nothing to fear from the advance of scientific discovery; for, as these things come to be better understood, it is going to be realized, I think, that the days of the antagonism between science and religion must by and by come to an end. That antagonism has been chiefly due to the fact that religious ideas were until lately allied with the doctrine of special creation. They have therefore needed to be remodelled and reconsidered from new points of view. But we have at length reached a point where it is becoming daily more and more apparent that, with deeper study of nature, the old strife between faith and knowledge is drawing to a close; and thus, disentangled at last from that ancient slough of despond, the human mind will breathe a freer air and enjoy a vastly extended horizon.

DEPARTED DAYS.

Like leaves that came in early spring
  To some far spreading, fruitful tree,
The year did beauteous verdure bring,
  Each day a leaf of bliss to me.
And though the leaves bestrew the way,
  The last one ready now to fall,
Ah! as I greet the New Year's Day,
  I shall regain them each and all!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE GREAT PHYSICIANS.

BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.

[*Translated for the Unitarian.*]

The other day, as I walked along in the imposing procession which followed Pasteur's coffin to Notre Dame, I saw once more all along the route one of our Parisian crowds. The dead man whose name was on all lips was one of those whose work the humble and the ignorant admire without thoroughly understanding it.

By what series of observations and experiments the great chemist had succeeded in discovering an invisible world, and in giving such new and powerful weapons to science with which to fight against suffering and even death itself, the greater number of those who saw his funeral pass evidently knew nothing. The wreath, for instance, ornamented with silk-worms' cocoons (an ingenious and touching souvenir sent by the silk-worm breeders of Provence) only served to remind a few spectators that Pasteur had discovered the cause of and invented the means to destroy the terrible silk-worm epidemic.

The treatment of hydrophobia and also the more recent discovery for the treatment of diphtheria, due to Pasteur's method, are the only celebrated results known to most of the less educated classes of the scientific researches of the great man whom we have just lost.

Nevertheless, this vast multitude, standing in dense masses on the foot-paths, leaning out of all the windows, mounted on the steps of ladders, and even looking down from the roofs of the houses, were all animated by one unanimous sentiment, and all shared the same feeling of certitude on one point.

They all knew that the genial savant, the pure-minded, humane, and disinterested man, the good citizen and glorious French patriot, whose remains we were taking with so much pomp and honor to Notre Dame, *had done good all his life, and had done nothing else but good.*

And this was why the vast crowd, moved by a deep feeling of respect and of gratitude, stood there, the men all bareheaded, as the coffin of their benefactor passed by.

Certainly, the sight was impressive and touching in the extreme. Why, then, in spite of this, did such an intensely melancholy feeling come over me? It was just this,—I was thinking how rare are the men—oh, how rare!—about whom we can say, when they leave us, "He has done nothing but good in the world!"

Surely, we can give this ineffable eulogy to men who, like Pasteur, have consecrated all their efforts to fight against the baneful forces of nature, against physical suffering.

To live a little longer, to have less danger and less pain,—this, alas! is our pitiful ideal. Science can now realize this for us; for science has made great progress, thanks to the genius of Pasteur. We are sure, then, that he has rendered great service to mankind.

But in the moral order of things what about the good there, and where are we to

look for truth? The thinkers and the writers of to-day cannot help feeling profoundly troubled and anxious in face of certain modern problems. A hundred years of disturbances and of revolutions have unsettled us. This century, the dawn of which promised so much, and witnessed such a magnificent outburst of thought, of poetry, and of art,—this century which has seen material progress overturn the world,—well, it is closing now in the midst of doubt and negation.

There are still some prophets left who go on persistently hoping, and who show us far away,—oh! very far away,—looming in the distance, a humanity free and fraternal. But even these prophets get furious when they look at the wide yawning gulf which separates them from their dream or their chimera, and they would fain bridge up the abyss with ruins; and so they give themselves up to destruction and violence, while some in their frenzied impatience do not even stop at crime.

In the mean time the venerable foundations upon which the edifice of society rests are decayed and tottering. The very principles even of duty to home and country are called into question, and discussed with the most harsh and insulting disdain.

The marriage vows are looked upon as grotesque, and it is considered ridiculous that little children should stretch out their arms to embrace a father and a mother. Let every one go his own way; and as for you, imbecile soldier, trample your cockade and your banner under foot!

What is the good, too, of attending church? There may be just a few ignorant ones who still believe in prayer, but that is all. And then, as for education, why should our young men be worried with useless knowledge?

There is only one force in the world, and that is—money!

There is only one end and object in life,—to enjoy one's self, and that quickly! What simpleton in these days would believe that true happiness consists in peace of mind and tranquil affection?

What coward is there left who would dare to talk of resignation, sacrifice, obedience? The law of to-day is fierce combat, the right of the strong over the weak. Let us fight, then.

But the strong ones, or, in other words, the rich, are not happy, either.

In face of the ever-increasing and threatening army of the vanquished ones, the rich with trembling hands offer their charity; and they see with terror that the recipients of their alms close their hands tightly over the gift with a gesture of rage.

We cannot be too grateful, certainly, to the savant who has saved so many human lives, and who, more powerful than a king, has freed those who, though innocent, were condemned to death.

But, oh! how much good, also, would a moral physician do if he could but heal the ravages of those terrible moral poisons—selfishness, vanity, hatred, and envy—which are undermining our modern society.

What incalculable good such a physician might do, by just bringing to our minds some essential truths and by convincing us once for all!

He might, for instance, speak to us as follows:—

The form of government in a State is nothing. The tyranny of one or of many amounts to the same thing.

Laws themselves are nothing much, but it simplifies matters to conform to them. Cut off some of the rotten branches from the ancient tree of codes.

The justice of man will never be anything but a bundle of expedients, the minimum, as it were, of injustice.

It is not worth while giving our time to consider all such details. The great thing is to know how to live, accepting the suffering, which is one of the conditions of life, and doing as little evil as possible.

We know not from whence we came, nor whither we are going; but the metaphysicians who tell us that our species after death will return to Dame Nature, and that we shall be happy to appear again under the form of dandelions, are impostors, and such a theory does not satisfy our thirst for immortality. How, then, are we to live? Are we to satisfy all our caprices? We can only do this at the expense of others, and that would be abominable.

Are we to deprive ourselves and sacrifice ourselves? That would be contrary to our instincts.

There does exist a solution, though, to the problem.

It is the law of love!

Let us, then, love each other, forget ourselves, think of others first, and accept as a daily habitual discipline sacrifice and abnegation. We shall in this way have great joy and also much cruel sorrow.

What does that matter, though, if only the heavy responsibility of life weighs less heavily on our shoulders, and if we begin to feel reassured in face of the great mystery which free thinkers in their speeches call the ideal, and which in religion is called God?

Such, then, were my thoughts as I walked along in the funeral procession, and looked on each side of me at the faces in the crowd. That crowd had assembled (I had not forgotten that fact) to pay its tribute of respect, admiration, and gratitude to the memory of Pasteur.

I could not, however, throw off the sadness which haunted me; and the cause of it was just the thought that our men of to-day have no sense of the infinite in their souls, and in thus saluting the coffin of this great man of science their one wish and idea was probably just this: to suffer less, and to live as long as possible.

And is it really so? Are there no traces left on the modern mind of the teaching of Him who from the mountain used to speak to the assembled crowd, and who taught that we must not only endure suffering, but that we must welcome it, and who showed the light of dawn breaking through the chinks of the tomb itself?

If only he could come back,—the divine Master,—and teach us his doctrine of pity and of love! If only he could come back to us,—he who was so gentle to the little ones, to those who were suffering, and to the simple-minded, blaming all revolt, but performing himself at times formidable deeds, confounding the learned men with their lies, scourging the dishonest merchants, cursing the rich who used their wealth shamefully, and demanding the wages for the workmen!

If only he would come back, commanding us to love one another, announcing the kingdom of the "Father which is in heaven," putting into our hearts new courage and new hope! If only he would come! . . . Alas! I had only to glance round at the procession in which I was walking, and at the multitude assembled to see it pass, in order to guess what would be the fate in store for the Saviour, should he come once more among us. Perhaps just at first these people would welcome him with affection, would listen eagerly to his gentle voice, and would lay down their mantles and palm branches for him to walk over.

But here in this official procession there would be Pharisees to denounce him, judges to condemn him, and soldiers to conduct him to his execution. There would be politicians, too, who would wash their hands, when once the iniquity was committed. And this crowd, the very crowd which would betray him at the last moment, preferring Barabbas to him.

If he came back, the great Healer of souls, we should crucify him a second time.

And yet he was and might still be our Supreme Benefactor.

And this great savant, this genius whose memory we honor by our sincere and heart-felt regret, because he alleviated the suffering and prolonged the existence of some of our fellow-creatures, this Louis Pasteur, whose courage and great mind soared above our cowardice and materialism, breathed his last with his eyes fixed on the picture of Christ who had taught us that our suffering was a blessing and that Death was our deliverance.

THE RIVER.

It lay contented on its castled peak,
With the world far beneath it, bathed in light;
But something drew it down the mountain height,
Rolled turbulent, with many an eerie shriek,
Until it reached the vale, a singing creek;
And there had stayed, and lived the golden dream,
But forth it rushed, a strong, unbridled stream,
Among the industries of man to seek
A moment's potency, but never rest.
For, gathering strength with every passing hour,
Imperious, it sought the ocean's breast.
And so the spirit of humanity,
It may not pause by temple, town, or tower;
But it breaks forth in cataracts to the sea.

GERTRUDE RAYMOND.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

The very interesting and able Dudleian lecture given recently at Harvard University by Dr. Brooke Herford, and published in these columns, leads us to think carefully about the spirit of our Roman Catholic friends in this country and Europe, and to suspect that, after all, they are very human and very much like ourselves, as individuals; and individuals make up a hierarchy, although they may differ widely in their interpretation of a narrow, domineering creed and obedience to its mandates. Our neighbors of the American Protective Association show us the old articles of faith; and there they stand in full light of day,—papal infallibility, immaculate conception, plenary indulgences, remission of sins, damnation of heretics, and so on.

We reply, Yes, these articles are all here; but they have no more effect upon the masses of respectable Catholic people to-day than the doctrine of eternal punishment has upon our good orthodox friends.

There are, undoubtedly, narrow and bigoted priests of the Roman Catholic Church in this country who foolishly dreamed that they could break down our public school system; but the more intelligent classes among their people refused to send their children to the parochial schools, in spite of the ban of excommunication. Let us look at the struggle in the English Church to-day. How do those High Church leaders, with Athestan Riley as their mouthpiece, compare with the bigots among Catholics? They are very much like them. They are turning every stone to do away with unsectarian religion, teaching in their Board Schools (public schools), and striving to have laws enacted by which no person shall be allowed to teach in the schools who will not declare his or her belief in the Trinity and the Thirty-nine Articles. Is not this condition of things more disgraceful in the English Church, which professes to be so much broader and higher in its development than the Roman Catholic Church, out of which it sprung? This blow is of course especially aimed at Unitarians; but there are many English Churchmen who disapprove of such bigotry, and the non-conformists in particular, however much they may differ from Unitarians, are opposed to such tyranny, and, moreover, are not desirous to see the religious teaching of the young given over to the tender mercies of the Established Church.

We have now, after looking at the attitude of the English Church in this age of freedom, to glance at a political party in this country, the so-called A. P. A., which represents indirectly a large body of our fellow-Christians, Baptists, Methodists, etc.

Are they so much beyond our Roman Catholic friends in enlightenment and the spirit of freedom? They would, if possible, drive every Roman Catholic member off of our school boards, and every Roman Catholic teacher from the schools. What insolence of power might not Protestantism, as a sect, have displayed, if it had had the same chance as the mother Church in the dark ages. Sydney Smith, fifty years ago, berated the English government for its treatment of the Catholics in Ireland, where a costly establishment was maintained, with a dozen people in the church, while the poor priests, with their enormous parishes, were obliged to eke out their living by begging from door to door. The Anglican Church to-day still cherishes its dainty morsels of anathema, to have them read and repeated by clergy and people on festive occasions. The saintly and liberal Maurice, by some twist in his brain, really tried to think that he loved the Athanasian creed. What about Calvin and Servetus and our Puritan Fathers, who persecuted Anabaptists and Quakers?

The Roman Catholic Church is or was an enormous hierarchy, supported in Europe by governments, and mixed up with the intrigues of political ambition. Its errors are deep-rooted in the centuries; and a large number of educated and refined persons in its fold fear to touch them, lest the whole fabric be torn in pieces. They are nominal followers, whose æsthetic tastes enjoy occasionally its music, but are rarely seen within its places of worship. We believe that this Church has in it the seeds of enlargement and reform. It may seem ungracious to Protestantism to say that this might have been accomplished in Luther's time. But Luther was not responsible for the rash iconoclasm which set Germany in a flame, and made compromise between the two parties impossible. But, as Bunsen says, "God is in history." He is not going to forget the Roman

Catholic Church, but will help it to purify and broaden itself, when the right time comes; and this New World is the open door to this.

This is not likely to be accomplished for centuries, perhaps, by a change of doctrines, inasmuch as its great successor, the English Church, with all its opportunities, is not willing to drop a single article of its creed. But it will be done by a change of methods of action, which is precisely what is happening now in this country. When the pope's emissary comes over here and finds our people indignant at any attack upon our public schools, he sees how unwise it is for his Church to maintain such a reactionary position, and rebukes the arrogance of priests. We do not believe this is mere policy, but that his mind is growing in breadth, and he feels what a mistake it is for his Church to interfere with our institutions, if she desires to maintain her spiritual supremacy among the people. This leaven will in time reach the Old World. We never can tell how many liberal Roman Catholics there are to-day, because their and our systems of isolation keep us so much apart. Ever since Montalembert took his noble position before French Catholics, the world in France was changed. Lacordaire and Père Hyacinthe and Döllinger of Germany,—all these men went deeper than mere methods of action. We may say that it is inconsistent for such men to stay in that Church, But we are seeing the same state of things all around us. Religious denominations are fast surrendering what they once thought their strongholds, and yet they retain certain ethical and spiritual qualities, and a set of cherished associations which hold them together; and, like the supposed fixed stars, they may all move in their relative proportion so evenly that the positions will seem unchanged, and thus we may have the same sects forever, which is not a matter for regret.

We need the Roman Catholic Church, with its forms and symbols, to keep us by its indirect influence from relapsing into the barest and most unlovely worship.

We once heard of two girls in Madrid talking about Protestantism. One said, "What does liberty of worship mean?" The other answered, "Oh, it's a long, narrow room, with benches in it, and a man in a desk, reading."

We need this Church to hold the great ignorant hordes who are pouring into our country. We need to have our liberal orthodox brethren still believe in the Trinity, in order to keep Unitarians from running away into a cold intellectualism, and losing the divine humanity of Jesus. People say, We must be on our guard against the Catholics, however tolerant we may be. Certainly, we answer. All religious sects need watching as much as political parties.

The Church of England to-day needs watching. It is trying, through its schools, to destroy religious liberty.

The Congregational body here is in danger of violating its trust-deeds, in order to preserve its college bequests and preach a broader theology.

The Baptists and Methodists, through their political representatives, are striking a blow at American liberty, not only in our schools, but in the world of industries and business.

It is fortunate that there is a sensible, calm judgment among the people, high and low, of this great country, which prevents the majority of them from being carried away with the extremes of religious sects and political parties. It is wonderful how, with such untamed hordes constantly pouring in upon us, we manage to have so good a government, and so much liberty, combined with moderation in thought and action. The genius of our nation rides down all factions, fuses discordant races and religions, and will march them all along to progress and perfection if we are faithful to our great opportunities.

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

A PRAYER.

Thou art not lonely amid thy worlds, O Lord. Thou hast countless gracious companionships. Thou art at fellowship with thy sun, and together the ways of silent joy thou goest on all these fruitful journeys of the light. Thou art at fellowship with thy stars. Thou enjoyest their beauty. Their beams athwart the night are the dancings of thy gladness. Not a world is but it is child of thy laughter, and holdeth its way in thy dear companionship. No grass-blade grows but that it comes to its glory of green in

thy friendship. All flowers open to thy kisses, and their answerings to thy love are their fragrance on the winds. No beast is anywhere but in companionship of thine it fulfils its joying life. No bird flies any wind but that the breathings of thy gladness in its life doth hallow its each wing-beat, each pulse of song. No man is but he is in thee, a child of thine own love, so happy to bring him forth and give him journey in thy life. Some footfall answers his in everlasting companionship. It is thine. Across all the winds of his journeying some heart-beat answers his. It is thine. Around and about and within him thou art, and so savest thyself from loneliness, and hast a friend. And so not anything is lonely in its life; for thou art ever near, its answering life, its fellowship divine. O dear Companionship! the world's becoming and its joy! Make us all conscious of this grace divine. May we each know thee, dear eternal Friend, than any brother closer cleaving unto us,—yea, our own lives' dear grace and greatness, breathing blessing without end!

And yet to this high fellowship so many are not conscious of thou dost not limit us. Thy stars flock in thy sky, across the infinite spaces calling to their friends, as bird's voice answers bird. No grass-blade dwells alone, nor any flower, nor beast nor bird. Indeed, these come by some sweet dwelling together in unity. They are but fellowship realized. By some dwelling together in unity, the violet opens in the sun; the dew, the winds, the rain, the soil at friendship in its seed, became this glory of their friendship. The thrush flies out to bless the winds, a fellowship. It came by love of mate and mate, trees, suns, and winds, the grains and fruit for food,— all these some gladness had together, and out of it these wings of singing flew. And to us children of the human heart thou comest in many blessed friends. The flowers, and beasts and birds, night skies with stars, day skies with clouds and sun, all beauty and all life, save us from loneliness, and crowd our life with hallowing friends.

And, then, these beloved of the human kind, how they enrich our lives! We thank thee for them, these friends, the old, the new; for new beauties in the old that love may see; for the wonder faces of the new who in our dreamings awaken their riches. In gratitude, so full of love, we thank thee, Lord, that thou hast given us friends, art giving them unto us through all the years. May we ennoble in these fellowships, until all our dwelling together in unity may always become some new beauty of holiness, some large unselfish service to the world! So always unto every good word and work may we give ourselves to others, and receive them given to us, until the best life is lived, the noblest church and state achieved, the holiest race of men come forth upon the earth! So comes thy kingdom, Lord, thy will on earth as gracious done as is it in thy heavens. Amen. PASTOR QUIET.

A FABLE FOR THE NEW YEAR:

AT WHAT SHALL WE AIM?

Once upon a time, in the far-away days, lived a noble earl.

High on a commanding hill-top stood his ancestral castle home, whose watch-towers overlooked miles and miles of the surrounding country. Rich in broad lands, well-trained faithful followers, and his inheritance of accumulated treasure, he yet valued all this as nothing compared with his two fair sons, who were his joy and his pride. They were trained in every courtly grace by their mother, the best of teachers; while the earl himself delighted in his task of teaching them the use of the sword, and especially of the bow and arrow, in which he himself had great skill.

The two youths grew up to manhood graceful and kindly, strong in body and keen of mind.

One New Year's day, in the clear, bracing air of their hill-top, the earl and his two sons were practising with their bows and arrows on the wide, snow-covered lawn that stretched from the castle gate to the hill's first slope toward the valley below.

The lads were shooting better than any youth of the country-side, yet their father was not satisfied. Taking the heaviest, strongest bow, and carefully selecting an arrow from the quiver, he slowly adjusted it to the string. Then, after a powerful backward sweep of his right arm, the loosened arrow, with a joyous "whirr," flew far beyond any that had come from the bows of

the earl's sons. Not a word was spoken; but the brothers exchanged a glance, and began to walk slowly back to the castle.

"I have not worked hard enough in my practice," said one to himself.

The other thought, "I have not done my very best on every day"; and both resolved that the next New Year should see them equal their father's power.

The days and weeks went by. The brothers, each in his own way, worked faithfully on their archery practice; and, when again the late-rising winter's sun saw the beginning of a new year, it found them eager to show their father that they had gained in strength and skill.

Again on the castle lawn were set the targets. Arrow after arrow pierced the small black circle. The eyes of the old earl shone with pleasure. The brothers seemed evenly matched. And now came the test of strength. The elder brother took his heaviest bow. His eye carefully measured the castle's imposing height, and the distance from its southern wall, which was facing them, to the rear wall, which met at its base the solid rock itself, as it rose steeply from the bed of a rushing river, hundreds of feet below. The young man in silence drew taut the cord. The arrow rose, up and up, till it turned gracefully in the air far above the castle's highest turret. Then, clearing by several feet the farthest wall, it plunged swiftly down to the stream at the base of the hill. It was a mighty shot, but the earl said nothing.

The younger son had been busily thinking. "My brother has shot over the highest point on the hill," he mused. "At what can I aim?" As he raised his head thoughtfully, the mid-day sun struck his eyes, and flashed a ray of light into his brain. "It will be a symbol of what I mean to do throughout my life," he thought. Then, raising his bow from the ground and half closing his eyes, that they might not be blinded by the intense light, he aimed his arrow straight at the sun. It whizzed from the cord, it rose like a bird into the air,—rose till lost from sight. Then, after long seconds of suspense, the watchers saw it falling, falling, till it buried itself in the dense grove of firs on the slope of the hill. The shot of the elder brother had been mighty. This was mightier. "Well done!" said the proud father, giving a hand to each son. "It is good to achieve that for which we aim, as did you when you shot over the castle; but you," turning to the younger lad, "by aiming at the very highest, though you did not hit the mark,—yet sent your arrow far above the other's loftiest curve." MARY A. TILDEN.

HIS TITHE IN THE NEW YEAR.

They had a new minister at Seabrook. Old Pastor Thornleigh, who had kept the flock for forty years, had gone to his long home; and in his stead had come an honest, plain-spoken young divine, with an earnest, fearless eloquence of his own. And now the worn door-stone of the little gray church on the hill was once more trodden by feet which had long been strangers to it. The minister boarded, having no family, at Deacon Larrabee's.

"He's the least bit uncertain on some points," said the deacon, leaning on his hoe handle and talking across the fence to his neighbor Gray, who leaned on his hoe handle to listen. "A bit uncertain. But I like him,—I do, no mistake; and I believe the Lord's going to bless us through him."

"Amen!" was Neighbor Gray's hearty response.

They hoed a dozen hills in silence, their hoes keeping time to the merry song of a bird in the orchard. Then Mr. Gray paused to wipe the perspiration from his face.

"This hot weather's liable to make sickness," said he. "I suppose you've heard that one of the Widow Sperry's boys is down with a fever?"

"Sho! now you don't say so!" exclaimed the deacon, commiseratingly. "Make it hard for her, won't it?"

"Yes, particularly when she's so lately lost her cow. I've been saying that we'd all ought to take hold and make it up to her. If I'd more than one cow on my place, I wouldn't stand to talk long, I tell you; but I lost my two best ones last spring. If I hadn't—"

It might have been unintentional, that sudden facing about as Mr. Gray threw his glance toward the hill pasture where his neighbor's cows were quietly feeding. At

all events, the deacon could scarcely help noticing the action. And he understood its purport. An uneasy flush mounted to his face as he struck vigorously into the next hill.

"She ought to have kept her cow out of the road. *My* cattle never get into the mill-pond and drown. If they should, I would not expect anybody to make 'em up to me. She'd no more call, had the widow, to let her cow run, than I'd have to turn my whole drove out."

"It's a pretty hard case, nevertheless," said Mr. Gray.

And then the fragmentary conversation, tossed piecemeal back and forth across the fence as the neighbors went steadily on with their work, drifted into indifferent channels.

There had been an interested listener to the colloquy narrated above. On the shady side of the wall which separated Deacon Larrabee's orchard and cornfield sat, book in hand, Rev. Mr. Weston. He arose as the chat which floated to his hearing began to be of crops and haying, and walked slowly along the orchard path, with a thoughtful smile upon his face.

That night, when the deacon took the shining milk-pails from the dresser, and proceeded to the farm-yard, the young clergyman followed him. He stood leaning against the bars, watching the yellow stars come out in the sky, and looking abroad over the deacon's possessions, shadowy now, but substantial enough by daylight.

"You are a very prosperous man, deacon."

A smile of satisfaction overspread the deacon's countenance as he stood for a moment patting the sleek neck of a favorite cow.

"Well, yes," said he; "but I've made myself. A pig and a pitchfork, sir, was all I had to begin with."

"How does your neighbor Gray get along?"

"Gray? Well, truth to tell, he'll never be forehanded if he lives to the age of Methuselah. He's a hard-working man enough; but why it is I can't tell you, there's never a poor creature that comes into our town that doesn't head direct for John Gray's. Must be instinct teaches 'em; for he gives to 'em all, deserving or not. I believe he'd take the coat off his back, if 'twas needed. He's a good neighbor,—a good neighbor; but he'll never get anything, to speak of, ahead."

"'But lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal,'" quoted the minister.

"Yes, yes; but, if I mind me right, the good book says something, too, about providing for one's own household,—eh?"

Mr. Weston smiled.

"I believe there is a passage to that effect," said he.

"And," went on the deacon, a little triumphantly, "if Neighbor Gray would give a certain portion"—

"A tithe," interpolated the minister.

"And not go beyond that," continued the deacon, "he'd be better off in one respect, and no worse off in the other, to my thinking. I don't believe in—indiscriminate giving."

"Nor do I," was the quiet answer. Then there was silence while the deacon filled another pail with snowy foam.

"How many cows have you, deacon?"

"Ten," answered the deacon, with a pardonable pride showing itself in voice and features; "and it's the finest herd in our country. They're grade Jerseys."

"Yes," returned Mr. Weston, a little absently. Then, after a slight pause:—

"Deacon Larrabee, I overheard the conversation between you and your neighbor Gray this morning relating to Mrs. Sperry and her misfortunes. Poor lady! She does need substantial sympathy. Can you not afford to lend a tithe of your cows to the Lord?"

"Which means that I give one of them to the widow," uttered the deacon, with a wry face. "No, sir, I'm afraid I can't. She wanted to buy one the other day, but I told her I'd none to spare. It was all owing to carelessness she lost her cow, and I don't believe in upholding improvidence. Get to going on that way, and we'd all be on the town before we knew it."

Mr. Weston wore a thoughtful countenance, yet a gleam of something like amusement lighted up his eyes.

"Will you sell *me* one of your cows?" he asked.

"I have no need of money now," replied the deacon, hesitatingly.

The minister continued:—

"I heard you say this morning that you would be glad to give a good man extra wages to help you through with your haying, but that you were afraid it would be difficult to procure the needful assistance at any price. Will you take me, and let me pay for the cow in that way?"

A twinkle, both genial and quizzical, dawned in the deacon's gray eyes. For a moment he studied the young minister attentively. He was not at all what his neighbors would have denominated free-handed, yet he had a just appreciation of the quality of beneficence in other people. Neither was he a hard man at heart. It was only the prosperity which had attended his every undertaking caused him to look upon the lack of it in a neighbor's affairs as an entirely unnecessary evil,—one which prudence and forethought might overcome. Now he shook his petitioner's hand heartily.

"It's a bargian," said he. "When will you take the cow off my hands?"

"To-night, if you will lend me your assistance," was the ready response.

"Better take one of those I haven't milked," said the deacon, with a smile, "and save me that trouble."

Accordingly, a little time later, the minister, accompanied by the deacon, led his recent acquisition down the farm-house lane, and away along the thoroughfare of the sleepy little hamlet to the tiny cottage where dwelt Mrs. Sperry and her brood. There they fastened the animal to a convenient post, rapped softly and departed, with a peaceful consciousness which attends upon a worthy deed resting upon one of them, at least, as a mantle.

Next morning, when the deacon, hoe on shoulder, was leaving his door-yard for his cornfield, he encountered Mrs. Sperry. Her eyes were red, as with long watching or weeping; and her thin lips trembled with the emotion which she vainly endeavor to conceal.

She put out both hands to him.

"Deacon Larrabee," she said, "I have come to thank you, and to ask your forgiveness. Oh, I had such hard thoughts of you,—how cruelly hard only God knows —and my own heart. Why, I almost came to pray that some dreadful misfortune might overtake you, and all because you would not sell me the cow you meant to give me."

"I—really I"— began the deacon. The situation was a most embarrassing one, and rendered doubly so by the knowledge that beside the open window of the room appropriated to his library the minister was sitting, no doubt enjoying the conversation in the fullest measure. "Really, Mrs. Sperry—I"—

"Now don't try to deny it," laughed the widow, a little nervously. "I knew the cow, Deacon Larrabee, and"—she laughed again — "I am bowed down with contrition to think of my unjust feelings toward you. But I shall always pray that you may prosper hereafter, deacon; for I am sure you will have a good account of your stewardship for the Master."

The deacon mopped his scarlet face in sore perplexity. How could he confess the gift was none of his? Yet there really seemed no other way to escape from the one-horned dilemma in which he found himself unless—

Well, the widow's generous thanks were very pleasant to hear; and, after a momentary deliberation, the old deacon's good sense and genuine manliness came to the fore. He only wished that the happy thought had been his, the charity of his own spontaneous deed.

"I am glad if the gift pleases you, Mrs. Sperry," said he, shaking her proffered hand; "and now please say no more about it. Go into the house and see the woman. I'll warrant she has got a glass of jelly for the sick boy."

To Mr. Weston, later on, he said, with a laugh and a jocular twinkle in his eye:—

"I've hired my man, and shall not need you. So we'll shake hands, and call it square. I think that's what I meant to do all the while, though I wasn't really sensible of it. But I'll tell you one thing, Brother Weston, I don't believe the next tithe will come so hard."—*Selected.*

Nothing less than the majesty of God and the powers of the world to come can maintain the peace and sanctity of our homes, the order and serenity of our minds, the spirit of patience and tender mercy in our hearts.—*J. Martineau.*

NEW YEAR GREETINGS.

From MINOT J. SAVAGE:

A Happy New Year to all in the Unitarian or any other churches who are looking forward!

To be really happy, we must deserve to be.

To deserve to be, we must consecrate ourselves to the highest and best work in sight.

Is the light breaking? Then go to work. Is the outlook dark? Then go to work just the same. The man who waits for the success of the cause before giving himself to it does not deserve the victory.

"*Then* to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause brings fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just."

So, in any case, let us *make* the New Year blessed, and the happiness will take care of itself!

From CHARLES C. EVERETT, D.D., LL.D.:

The editor has asked me to say a word of New Year's greeting to the readers of the *Unitarian*. The opening year should be a happy one to those who really hold the truth that the *Unitarian* so attractively and effectively teaches. They are sure that those who are trying to make known this truth are fighting no losing battle. Every year extends its triumphs. In spite of formal creeds, designed to shut it out, there is scarcely a denomination of Christians into which it has not found some entrance. To many the creeds themselves are forced to speak its language.

The Unitarian is, however, not merely a proclaimer of truth. He is, or should be, first of all, a recipient of it. Unitarianism is, or should be, to all a real and present power.

I spoke of those who hold the truth. The phrase is insufficient and misleading. It might even minister to spiritual arrogance. I should have spoken of those whom the truth holds. To merely contemplate truth with the intellect is as if one parched with thirst should be idly gazing at the cool waters of a stream. We claim to possess certain inspiring ideas in regard to God and man. What cheerful and thankful hearts, what earnest and useful lives, would be ours if these ideas really possessed us! This, then, is my wish for the readers of the *Unitarian*,—that they may not merely draw an intellectual pleasure from its bright pages, but that the truth it teaches may more and more take possession of their hearts and lives.

What is this but to wish for each and all a happy year!

From ELIZABETH P. CHANNING:

I welcome the opportunity and the privilege of writing an epistle to the churches.

An unfaltering Unitarian, I do not echo what one of our own prophets has spoken of the Unitarian protests as "pale negations." On the contrary, I affirm that we have done, and will continue to do, a most useful and consecrated work in leavening and ameliorating other denominations, and have gained a wider outlook, inasmuch as, while condemning their false and pernicious creeds, we are more alive to their sincere aims and efforts, and are more ready to learn from them, as well as to open their eyes to what seems to us our truer way.

Who can doubt that every denomination has its mission? We cannot believe exactly alike. Some lean one way, some another.

Though an assured Unitarian, I should be ashamed of myself if I did not admire the Methodist's zeal, the Quaker's inner light, the Episcopalian's reverent attitude. And I believe, as Coleridge says, "man may define heresy, God alone knows who is the heretic." Only let us all be fully persuaded from the teaching of conscience, and in the sincerity of conviction, that our especial faith is the best for us, and then work for it with the zeal, the persistency, and the "passion for truth" men show in reform, in patriotism, but too seldom in the greatest cause of all,—religion.

We have accepted the religion of Jesus,

holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

This is a turning-point in our history. Let us not be recreant to it. But by personal devotion, faithful observance of public worship, and forming without delay the *habit* of giving *to our own hurt* spread our blessed faith wherever it is needed or welcome. Never to the neglect of those of our kindred to whom Providence makes us almoners, in granting them little and giving us much.

Unitarians have poured their money out like water in endowing hospitals, libraries, and colleges, but are slow to see that they could help their fellow-men most by imparting the spiritual inheritance which sets the heart a-singing for time and for eternity,—the spiritual inheritance for which these belated souls unconsciously long and dimly seek.

An excellent man, an Episcopalian, while admitting to me that Phillips Brooks and Theodore Parker were his favorite preachers, said (I think with a twinkling eye), "Unitarians have not enough *religion*." He could not have denied their love of learning nor their practice of charity. Let it be impossible for any one to say that of us in future in truth.

From REV. CHARLES G. AMES:

"They thanked God, and took courage." A grateful retrospect and a hopeful prospect.

We thank God! We thank him not alone for what he has done for us, but for what he has done and is ever doing for our human world; for perpetual incarnations and progressive revelations; for the Christ who came in the Prophet of Nazareth and who comes in the light that lighteth every man.

We thank God, not alone for the place and work he appoints for a handful of Unitarians, but for the uniting spirit of faith, hope, and love among mankind; for the lowering of partition walls; for that broad advance of truth and goodness which no sect can monopolize, but which every sect can share; for that mighty work of grace which can neither be shut in nor shut out by theological formulæ nor by ecclesiastical palings.

We thank God for the goodly fellowship of a company which no man can number, ever thronging to his kingdom from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South.

We take courage!

We take courage, not alone from our own small gains and successes, but from lessons taught by failure, from the greatness of the obstacles, from the multitude of difficulties, from the audacity of evil principalities and powers of darkness. We take courage from the dauntless fidelity of good men and women of every name, who count not their lives too dear to be given day by day for the redemption of brethren enslaved by error and imprisoned by evil or wronged by injustice.

We take courage from the ever-lengthening list of those who, having finished their course and kept the faith, already belong to the encompassing cloud of witnesses.

We take courage, most of all, from the assurance that he who is for us is more than all that can be against us, and from the inspiring presence of our lion-hearted Leader holding aloft "the red-cross banner," and riding forth, conquering and to conquer.

From EDWARD EVERETT HALE:

Certainly, if any people are entitled to New Year's good wishes, it is a body of men and women who believe in "forgetting the things that are behind," if only they can "reach forward to those that are before."

At this moment the Unitarian churches of America, or, if you please, the Unitarian Church of America, has every reason for hope. And hope, as anybody knows who has tried the experiment, renews our faith and quickens our love. More faith, more hope, and more love will make our churches to be more truly churches, and will make our men and women do the work of sons and daughters of God more truly. In that proportion they will enter into the joy of their Lord. So we have good reason for wishing them a Happy New Year.

From REV. GEORGE BATCHELOR:

A Happy New Year to all the readers of the *Unitarian*, and to all men of good will everywhere!

The omens are good, if we read them aright.

This is not the time for an irrational optimism or for an irrational pessimism. We live under the law of progress. The flash-light of civilization is sweeping around the world. It reveals innumerable evil things. The covers are off, and we see the great world of human lift somewhat as it really is. To some the spectacle is appalling.

But, if we live under a law of progress, and if the evil things in modern society are revealed, not created by modern civilization, and if all the good things we have are the outcome of a past less good than the present, then it follows that better things than the world has ever known, the best that prophets have foretold and poets have praised, are on their way. The omens are good for those who have faith, hope, charity, patience, and are willing to work.

From GEORGE W. STONE:

The indications are everywhere promising for our thought. The harmony at present between our churches is undisturbed. The conditions were never so favorable for a forward movement in our missionary operations. The "New Theology" is a popular term even in other circles than our own; and, when the "New Theology" is carefully examined, it is found to be *Unitarianism*, more or less developed, reminding one of the old proverb, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." So Unitarianism; whether called by that name or called the "New Theology," is equally true.

If the Unitarian denomination will now bestir itself, take up its missionary work in the spirit in which Unitarians engage in other enterprises in life, we shall not long remain one of the smaller branches of the great Christian Vine.

From T. B. FORBUSH:

My greeting is, "The day of the Lord is at hand." But as in the ancient time it "cometh not with observation." It is silently preparing in the hearts of those whom vision of truth is making free.

The dawn may seem long to impatient watchers; but it draws on apace, and ere we are aware the day will come. All things move toward the larger thought. The harvest truly is great, although it does not all grow in our fields, and cannot all be gathered into our barns. But it is all the Lord's harvest of the uplifting, the enlightenment, the redemption, of mankind. "The Lord wants reapers," and reapers stout of heart and strong of hand stand idle in the market-place because "no man hires them."

The Lord's call is, "Send forth these reapers into the harvest."

Will those who hold his pennies in trust heed the call, and thus make the year upon which we now enter a blessed one for humanity?

Great opportunities demand great consecration. Our day is great. May we be equal to its demands!

From REV. JOHN CUCKSON:

I send you a hearty greeting at the opening of a new year, and congratulate you upon the success of your magazine. It fills an excellent place in our church, and is read with pleasure and delight in many a home which draws most of its brightness from a liberal and cheerful faith.

From REV. S. M. CROTHERS:

With the opportunity to say but a word to our churches, I make that word a plea for co-operation. Let us, during the coming year, support cordially and loyally those missionary organizations which we have established. They are simply the tools which we may use. They can do nothing by themselves, but they can become effective for large and worthy purposes if we put our strength into them.

During the coming year let us not simply work in our several parishes, but let us learn to work heartily together for the cause of liberal religion in America.

From REV. E. A. HORTON:

The object of the *Unitarian* is to declare the "good news," and show how to "keep the faith" by making it grow.

The truths of our liberal gospel shine nowhere brighter than on its pages. May its monthly messages of life and love go forth

with widened power through the coming year!

To editor, readers, contributors, and publisher, I send fraternal greeting. Never was our cause so strong. We have deep reasons for enthusiasm.

From HOWARD N. BROWN:

I am glad to send greeting through you to all of our household of faith, and to congratulate them that the New Year is so bright with signs of hope and promise for the work that is dear to their hearts.

New light is surely coming into the world; and, though it may sometimes seem that, as the old adage says, "As the days lengthen, so the cold strengthens," yet this increase of light must mean at last increase of vital heat. It means a coming springtime, when the old formal creeds shall once more bud and blossom with spiritual truths, so that men will wonder at their former wintry nakedness.

It is the time of all others for earnest, hopeful work; and it is folly to be discouraged if the growth be slow, or if some green shoots have been pinched by the frost. He who looks back ever so little should know that the season is advancing toward a more fruitful era for all religion of the spirit. In that day great will be the joy of those who can feel that they have some right to share in the reaping, because they have helped to sow.

THE CRY OF PATROCLUS.

As brave Patroclus unto Hector cried,
Lying sore wounded by the Trojan's spear,
Yet hurling taunts into his foeman's ear,
And with his last breath seeking to deride,
"Jove's and Apollo's is the deed,"—and died,—
So do we all, defeated, fain appear
Slain but by Fate: our fall it seems to cheer
To charge on Destiny our broken pride.
Faults and misdeeds and follies all forgot,
Like Hector's charge, we cry, "It was the gods."
Thus do we seek to ease our anguished hearts
In all the pangs of our most bitter lot,
When pain's sharp spear our aching bosom prods,
As some fierce foeman hurls his poisoned darts.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

A SHORT CATECHISM.

What is our religious faith?
Unitarian.

What do we believe about God?
God, our Father, is one God.

Is he near?
He is. "In him we live and move and have our being."

Does he see us?
Yes, he that formed the eye, shall he not see!

Will he hear us?
Yes, he that made the ear, shall he not hear!

Will he help us?
Yes, we are all his children.

What book best explains God's ways?
The Bible. It is the history of how men found out about God.

Were there many difficulties?
Yes, men went wrong, and often disobeyed God; but the whole Bible shows us how they slowly grew better.

How does the Bible end?
With the gospel of Jesus Christ.

What is that gospel?
Love to God and love to man.

What would follow if we all obeyed this gospel?
If we loved God, we should keep our hearts pure. If we loved man, we should go about doing good.

Why did Jesus wish all men to accept this gospel?
Because it is the only salvation.

Salvation from what?
From sin and selfishness and worldliness, which so easily beset us.

Is Jesus, then, our best teacher?
Yes; for he leads us to the best life.

To be real Christians, then, to love Jesus and follow him, and be saved by him, must we believe in the Trinity and in miracles, in the doctrines of the fall of man, the atonement or eternal punishment?
No, these things only lead us away from the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Repeat once more that gospel which the Master himself proclaimed, which we as Unitarians believe, and as Christians pledge ourselves to obey.

Love to God and love to man!

RELIGION.

FROM A SERMON BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

For one thing, I cannot look at the succession of the ages, and see what a tremendous part religion has been playing on the busy scene, without being convinced that here is something essential to the completeness of humanity, something so deeply implicated in its structure that it can no more be taken out of it without destructive consequences than the bones can be taken out of a man's body or his muscles be unstrung of every quivering nerve. No other force or institution has played such a stupendous part in human history, has reared such splendid fanes, dominated such mighty nations and events, inspired such hopes and fears. . . .

Religion and morality were originally two separate streams, one rising in the contact of man's spirit with the mystery of nature and the mystery of his own life, and the other in the contacts between man and man; but long since the two streams coalesced, and now you might as well endeavor to separate them as to separate the waters of the Hudson and the Mohawk below their junction with each other.

Here and there you find an individual like Benvenuto Cellini or the last pious defaulter whose religion seems to have no moral character, and here and there you find a splendid ethical development with no conscious lifting of the heart to God; but, in the wide average of history and of our semi-civilization, the religious and the moral elements are inextricably interwoven.

Separated in theory they often are by moralists and theologians. So are the bones and muscles on the dissecting table or in anatomical treatises; but in the living organism they are mutually supporting and sustaining, and cannot be torn asunder without the destruction of that unity in which they both inhere. There are those who, because they were originally separate, would keep them separate still; but they have coalesced as naturally as two rivers winding to the sea, and it would be as absurd to seek to isolate them now as to seek to isolate the Hudson's or the Mohawk's streaming flood. At the first swelling of the waters they would reunite; and separate religion and morality as you will in theory or practice, given some inundation of the one or of the other, and they would rush together with a joy and welcome as when long-parted lovers reunite.

Whatever religion has been, this is what it is,—man's sense of his relation to the power and mystery of universal life, and his endeavor to convert that sense into a binding law of life. . . .

Somehow, by God's grace and man's, religion has become the twofold energy of a divine and human inspiration, the twofold response of human nature to the All-embracer, the All-enfolder, and to the obligations of a social life. And, seeing that these things are so, how is it possible for any one to be a man, in all the fulness of his intellectual powers, and not make the religious confession and take the religious attitude? It must be that the man who thinks seriously and feels profoundly is the true, the ideal man; and how is it possible for a man to think seriously and feel profoundly concerning the power and mystery of universal life, and that need men have of one another which we call morality, without having that sense of the former and that conviction of the latter which, in their interplay and mutual support, make up the fulness of religion? . . .

Religion in its earliest dawn, before it was yet moralized, was exclusively the sense of man's relation to a power unseen, but felt in all the wonderful and strange appearance of the world; and to call that religion, be it never so sublimely moral, that has nothing of this most characteristic glow upon its face, is to use language with disloyal freedom and abuse.

But it is loyalty to facts as well as to the sanctities of speech that makes the religious attitude and the religious confession an absolute necessity for every man who thinks seriously and feels profoundly concerning the deep things of life. Here, pressing on his mind and heart, is not only that need men have of one another which we call

morality, but also pressing on his mind and heart are the immeasurable power and beauty, order and bounty, of the material universe, flowering and fruiting in the glory of the human, in golden deeds that "pierce the night like stars, and by their mild persistence urge men's search to vaster issues." How is it possible for a man to be a man, and not experience in every deeper moment, however it may be with him in the stress of business anxiety or in pleasure's giddy whirl, that expansion of the heart, that joyous lift, that happy confidence, that awe, that tenderness, which, call it by whatever name you please or by no name at all, is of the incorruptible essence of religion? If such a thing is possible in any way, it is not in my imagination to conceive that it is so; and I must hold that every man who is in truth a man is as much bound to be religious in religion's primal sense as he is to be moral, as he is to eat for hunger and to sleep for rest and love for love's sweet pain.

OUR WORK IN COUNTRY TOWNS.

The village church problem is that of uniting division and weakness into union and strength. In towns able to support one vigorous and successful church there are from five to ten, with a consequent impairment of the religious life of the place. Under such conditions religion becomes a competition of the sects, lowering, to an extent, the whole ethical and religious tone of the community. Energies that might be set in the direction of much, making for the betterment of life in many ways, must be devoted to the maintaining of these several struggling, competing churches.

The Young Men's Christian Association, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the Christian Endeavor movements, the general awakening of a desire for Christian union, have greatly modified the battle of the sects; and by union meetings a purer Christianity has had gain, and the community been led into the doing of some work of general righteousness which no one church could win it into doing.

When in college, I went once to preach in a village where there were three churches. To my delight, their bells, instead of being rung in jangling discord, "sweet bells out of tune," were rung in unison, the one sounding out its three strokes, the other answering, and the third echoing their call. Once each month these people came together in a union meeting, each pastor, in his turn, preaching to the united congregations in the one church. Christian union in that village has a very gracious reality; and yet, although that is almost eighteen years ago, there are still in that village three churches, struggling each to support itself, of necessity in competition with each other.

There are organizations to encourage Christian union in the villages, to discourage the formation of new competing churches. In Maine and Dakota there are State organizations among the orthodox people for this end. In Dakota the movement is especially directed against the formation of competing churches in even the larger towns, urging missionary societies in the East to withhold funds, requesting union with the church first in the field or with the one having strongest following. In my own general neighborhood I am told there are committees from each of the denominational associations, conferences, and presbyteries, working in the general interests of practical Christian union in these lines of lessening the sect competition in the smaller towns; but their action is x minus, I think, for I doubt if they have led, in a single instance, to the uniting of the several competing elements into a strong church, the people abandoning their denominational differences.

While in such places the church which has the ablest and most liberal minister draws often the largest congregations, there is yet no real organic union in sight, nor will be until all these churches are ready to abandon present organizations, and unite in one great congregational body, locally named, the needs of the field being the creative genius of the organization; and that looks to me to be yet very far off, because the general activity of denominations in many ways fosters the retention of such churches in the denominational fellowship. The beauty of Christian denominational self-effacement is not yet a beauty of holiness striven after in the name of Christ by the sects. I think that our entrance into these fields may help forward this kind of

practical Christianity. The dissemination of our literature will tend, I am sure, to enlarge and deepen the undenominational spirit, to lessen the hold of the spirit and teachings of sectarianism, which are the strength of practical Christianity's failure. A few men of prominence in the community, holding its confidence, and well equipped with the Unitarian spirit and teachings, will inevitably, in quiet ways, loosen the denominational hold on public opinion, and ripen it toward an organic unity of all the religious bodies of the place. When such men are far enough on to organize a liberal religious society, such society will draw together all who are in spirit of the new day, becoming a positive liberalizing force in the religious life of the community. It will tend to influence the orthodox churches to draw closer together, losing their keener vision to sectarian differences, and emphasizing what they deem the essentials of Christian religion. In speaking in such villages, I have said that the next step forward in organic Christian union was the establishment, in such places, of a liberal Christian church, ready to keep their fellowship in the conviction that love is the greatest thing in religion, and religion's greatest duty the duty of growth, that growth gained without test of opinion, welcoming all to the fellowship who wish to establish love and righteousness in the world. Such liberal church would tend to compel orthodox bodies, in a kind of self-defence, to gather themselves out of a sectarian waste into a closer unity, achieving, by such union the greater success of those things they believe to be essential in Christianity. In the present stage of the evolution of Christianity, there is in the country towns but room for two churches, a liberal and a conservative one.

But, aside from such a contribution to organic Christian union, we have a mission to the country towns in the fact that our gospel has no voice there. What union there is in such places is of a theology which we believe to be in many things false and hurtful in many of its influences. That our work is needed in such towns is evidenced in the fact that we will be met with the spirit of intolerance. Many interested in our coming will be told that they will suffer in their business if they encourage us; and this telling is more than the conveyance of the fact: it is a gentle hint that we, the conveyers of the intelligence, will help realize this hurt to you, if there is not sometimes the open and positive threat of persecution. There is in these places no union large enough for the Unitarian gospel; and, until there is, there is, amid all the excellences there, a bit of religious barbarism which it is our duty to civilize,—a bit of heathenism which it is our duty to Christianize.

And now to my question of How shall we do our work in country towns?

In these places we should make a place for our literature. When two or three readers are there, of any congeniality at all, get them to gather together, they and their children, on a Sunday, and read to each other the sermon or the book; to hold such meetings as regularly, and be as much devoted to them, as if they were a church maintaining public services. I have known a church, not of our fellowship, but a church of the new theology, to be held, together with its Sunday-school, in a private house for as many as eight years, doing a good work, enlarging the natures of its few adherents, and gaining something of enlarging discipleship to its teachings. Positive encouragement to the organization of such churches ought to be given. It will not only strengthen those interested, but will become a missionary centre in that village. Often out of such a successful church will be organized. But I would call these side assemblies churches, and give them fellowship as such. This idea of the church of the two or three — an actual, real, spiritual church—needs to be talked of, Unitarian people and Unitarian churches made familiar with it. Such groups of people ought to be organized as a church, and, as a church, recognized, entitled to representation in our conferences, making reports to our conferences. If possible, they should have some ministerial or lay oversight by personal visitation, at least once a year, and by correspondence, at least once a month. In many cases a visitation by the superintendent of missions can be made, and meetings held by our ministers-at-large in some public hall. These churches of the two or three can be grouped into local conferences, under the oversight of the church in that neighborhood, and conference meetings held twice

a year, say. Aside from the good that these churches in little would do, in their own place, it would be an enlargement and growth to the church having such oversight, giving them the bliss of living for others than themselves.

If some one about headquarters or elsewhere could consecrate himself to this organizing and superintending these churches in little, becoming a central bureau of them all, I believe that ten years of such consecrated and enthusiastic work would garner a fruitage of blessed astonishment.

This lies naturally along the line of our Post-office Mission work; and, as I see, it is necessary, in order to give that work a more permanent outcome, and give its cause of liberal religion at large the help and perpetuity of organization.

I think that in country towns, and even in the farming neighborhoods, such work would have its greatest appreciation and largest fruitfulness. In such places you find the very best type of American,—earnest, kindly in life, reading the best of books and periodical literature, enjoying real thinking, often gathering in the district school-house for a literary and debating society. In my boyhood's village in Pennsylvania I well remember that a society we boys started in the school-house grew, by the gradual coming in of the men, to be the literary and debating society of the whole community, maintaining through the whole winter season its weekly meeting, which was both the intellectual and the social centre of old and young. I have seen these debates participated in by physicians and educated villagers and farmers, and as well by farmers who could hardly speak a sentence without grammatical error and errors of pronunciation, but, notwithstanding, alive with interest in the questions of the day, and able to say words of homely and weighty sense. If the record of that community were written, it would not only show a splendid average of intelligence and character, but an astonishingly large proportion of contribution to what we are pleased to call the learned professions, to politics and the largest business success in the cities. One of the promoters of the Brooklyn Bridge came from that village by way of the country school mastership. And it is herein that our Unitarian churches—out of New England: I do not know how it may be there—are lamentably weak. Some of the best blood of these country places, going up into the smaller and the larger cities for life-work and home, generally attach themselves to the church of their childhood's love; and by this are the city churches being constantly enriched. By this inflow of country manhood and consecration, they are made strong. Just in our little church in Ithaca, for instance, some of our best helpers come from a village in our county where has been maintained for years a Universalist church. From other villages with their liberal church there come to us naturally some of our best members, making their religious home with us. We need a work in country towns, not simply for those country towns' sake, but for the sake of those larger places where is a centre of population such as we like to plant our churches among. If in my home village there had been a liberal church, the Pittsburg society would have the strengthening, doubtless, of some of the best known men of that city. If you have been flattering yourself that your gospel is for the learned and city-bred, you will put some slight and littleness upon your gospel. It is a gospel for the country places, and there it will have some of its deepest and most earnest appreciation.

I have gone many times with a man, who was superintendent of the Ithaca Baptist Sunday-school for about twelve years, into the villages round about to speak upon Sunday evenings upon reform themes. He has said to me many times: "I tell you, Scott, these people out here want the best preaching. They are hungry for it. They want the new truths, but their pastors do not give them to them. They are afraid of the people; while in reality the people are in advance of the minister, and want what the preachers do not give them." I think he is right. My experience confirms him, of which I might tell a tale or two, if I had the time, of my welcome in orthodox pulpits, once preaching for and entertained by a people who but a few years before my going to Ithaca had held a public prayer-meeting in behalf of a young business man who had removed to Ithaca from their village, and had fallen from grace by uniting with our Unitarian church. When my first visit was made to speak at this place, on occasion

of the anniversary of the temperance society, this same man's wife upbraided him for letting me go, thinking I would receive discourteous treatment; but never did I receive more kindly hospitality in the home of one of the leaders of that one-time prayer-meeting, sitting up beyond the midnight hour, and talking with her and her son upon these great themes of love and of life and the larger religious fellowship. In other country places where I have preached some of the choicest people there have said, "Why, I am a Unitarian, and did not know it."

Not many weeks ago one of the best men in our Ithaca church, who had come from his farm in another county, where was some liberalism, to educate his children at Cornell, in talking with me, said that the farming neighborhoods were more open to our gospel than even were the people of the villages. I believe he speaks truth. "Say not ye, There are four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto ye, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

In the gathering together of a church in the country towns I would not name them Unitarian, nor commit them to the denominational fellowship, while yet giving them support and encouragement. I would let them be classed as the "Other Christian Churches" of our National Conference. The villages are very few in which could be gathered together a Unitarian church in the denominational use of Unitarianism. The villages are many in which could be gathered together a liberal Christian society, not in any denominational name, but in the name of neighborliness and in an aspiration after better things in religion for themselves and their children. Names divide, and are apt to add but one more competing sect to a people already devastated by that evil, as by a scourge of locusts. But you can gather together the different liberal elements in religion in the town, and organize them as the church of the Good Samaritan, with open and willing hands for all unto whom they can minister. You can offer such society as a healing for the village sect plague. The people of such a society can say, There is hopeless division in our bearing these sect names and striving for these sect ends: let us come together in a church of simple neighborliness, agreeing in love to differ about many things of opinion, to respect and by sympathy try to understand each other's honest thought; above everything else, to be a church of to-day, a church in and for this community, "accepting the religion of Jesus, summed up in love to God and love to man," and welcoming to our fold all in sympathy with our positive aim.

You can not only at the very beginning offer such a society as a solution of the sect problem, but, as that society lives out its life, under loving and wise leadership, it will tend more and more to force such solution if it maintain a positive and satisfying religious life. In this liberal spirit it will tend to gather to itself those freeing from the sectarian bonds, and drive together for mutual self-protection those who believe in the essential savingness of the orthodox theology. It ought to work out in that way, and thereby be a practical solver of the problem of church union, giving to each village but two churches, one with its face toward the shadows of the past, the other with its face to the dawn. With men adapted and consecrated to this work, backed by the necessary missionary funds for the beginnings, one of the greatest religious works of the century could, I believe, be thus inaugurated and pushed to successful issue.

We ought to be doing a good bit of such work, free as we are to do our work and forego the naming of it. If we are to fulfil the fact which Mr. Savage stated at Washington, that we are as large as the Methodist church was at our age,—if that fact is to be prophecy that the Unitarian movement will be as great, we shall have to establish such churches in the country towns, grouping them into circuits, and putting some consecrated circuit rider in their charge. When our missionary fire comes, kindling us from on high into the conviction that we have a gospel which the world needs, then we shall, in just such ways, plant such country towns with non-denominational churches, preaching our gospel and solving the great problem of a united Christian church.

JOHN M. SCOTT.

THE BOW OF PROMISE.

A rainbow in the stormy north,—
God's promise smiling through the murk:
A man smiles back, made strong for work.

P.

GOOD FOR THE BOYS.

The flourishing organization known as "The Boys' Brigade" started with three teachers and twenty-eight boys connected with a Sunday-school in Glasgow, in October, 1883; and in less than five years it had grown into a regularly constituted organization, with a headquarters' office, a paid staff, and a force throughout England and Scotland of 230 companies, 800 officers, and 11,000 boys.

The motive which first prompted the organization was to improve the discipline of the Sunday-school, to hold and interest the older boys, and to reach and influence them, not only on Sunday, but through the week. Each company represents some one church or school, with which it is closely connected; and every meeting for instruction or drill is attended with an appropriate religious exercise. Of the members, 8,913 belong to various Christian organizations. There are Bible classes in ninety-eight companies, and the badges and mottoes of the brigade re-enforce the command to be "a good soldier of Jesus Christ." There are, too, "church parades, when all the boys of the company muster at the school, and march to church in uniform." And on the practical side, besides military exercises and "cricket, foot-ball, swimming, and athletic clubs," with reading-rooms and games, and bands of instrumental music, there are "ambulance instruction" and "stretcher drill," with instruction how to render "first aid to the injured," which has already, in some cases, proved of efficient service in case of city accidents.

"It seemed to us," say the founders, "that by associating Christianity with all that was most noble and manly in a boy's sight, we should be going a long way to disabuse his mind of the idea that there is anything effeminate or weak" in the religious life. It was also their aim to create a "sentiment which would make the boys proud of their company, jealous of its honor, ashamed of doing anything that would disgrace it, and prepared to make any sacrifice rather than be dismissed from it. How heartily the boys took up the work, and how earnestly they entered into it, may best be shown by the fact that there are boys in some of our companies to-day who have been members for three years, and during that time have never been one minute late for drill nor ever once missed the Company Bible Class on Sunday morning."

It may be added that the age of membership extends from twelve to seventeen, and that the members receive their discharge with keen reluctance and regret.

OBITUARY.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

The death of Rev. O. B. Frothingham November 27 takes from us one who has been for forty years a strong leader on the progressive side of our denominational life. He began preaching in Jersey City, N.J., in 1855, and four years later began the movement in New York which was organized as the Third Unitarian Congregational Church. Here for twenty years he held a large audience, attracted by his eloquence and powerful intellectual personality. As a literary man, he was distinguished by a forceful style and wide culture. He published several volumes, of which "The Religion of Humanity," "Boston Unitarianism," and one entitled "Recollections and Impressions" are the best known.

REV. HELEN G. PUTNAM.

A life of quiet heroism has suddenly closed, while at the height of its usefulness, in the death of Miss Helen G. Putnam, our solitary volunteer missionary in the Far North-west. With wonderful patience and endurance Miss Putnam carried on a holy work of comforting and counselling little groups of hungry souls through North and South Dakota and Minnesota, far from our churches and the opportunity to hear our gospel. Her mission and devotion were Christ-like, and her example an honor to our cause.

REV. CHARLES W. PARK.

The death of Rev. Charles W. Park, November 24, at Pittsfield, Mass., is a great

loss to our work, as well as a severe sorrow to all his friends. Mr. Park was the nephew of Prof. Park of Andover, and was ordained as an orthodox Congregational minister in 1870. For many years he was a missionary in India. On returning to this country, he preached in various places under the American Board; but, growing in breadth of theological conviction, he quite recently accepted a call to the Unitarian church of Pittsfield. Mr. Park was a scholar, a genial, lovable friend, a fine and cultured preacher, and a most pure and noble soul.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

Our Common Purpose.

We join in worship and in work to learn
God's holy will,
That every day and every hour his love our
lives may fill.
We join to find, by following Christ, the
truth, the light, the way,
That leads through every doubt and fear to
God's eternal day.
We join to help and cheer the weak, to reckon
not the gain,
But count the hardest duty light that lifts
another's pain.
By holding fast each other's hands and looking up to God,
We mean through all the wrongs of earth to
keep the heavenly road,
Till nothing from the simple right our daily
lives can sever,
And we shall win the love of God, to live
with him forever.

—*Frederick B. Mott.*

MONDAY.

Old and New.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Tennyson.*

TUESDAY.

Steadfast.

Year after year we watch the wild flowers
springing,
Like smiles to Nature's rugged face;
Year after year we hear the robins singing,
Sure that each bird and bud will find its
place.

O steadfast Law of God that never alters,
Be thou our staff along the doubtful way.
O steadfast Love of God that never falters,
Be thou the sun that lights our little day.

—*Selected.*

WEDNESDAY.

Singing.

The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymn for thee?
My soul's a shepherd, too: a flock it feeds
Of thoughts and words and deeds.
The pasture is thy word; the streams, thy
grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my
powers
Out-sing the daylight hours.

—*George Herbert.*

THURSDAY.

Life's Stage.

Alas, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters! What a chorus!

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

FRIDAY.

To Thee!

Father, let me dedicate
All this year to thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim:
This alone shall be my prayer,
"Glorify thy name."

Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify thy name.

—*Laurence Tuttiett.*

SATURDAY.

A Prayer.

Thy will to do, Thy work to make
More forceful on this fallen earth,
Thy love in some lone heart to leave,
Thy word to give where spirits grieve,
To teach a downcast soul its worth;
Into some fettered life to take
Thy freeing power; for some one's sake
To give of self as thou didst give,—
For such a mission let me live!

—*Philip Phillips, Jr.*

EDITORIAL.

New Year. THE *Unitarian* greets its readers with all joyous good wishes for the New Year!

We begin our eleventh volume with this number, and wish most heartily to acknowledge the invaluable co-operation we have received from all our correspondents, and from so many known to us only by name.

The kind words of appreciation we receive from so many quarters are our constant encouragement, and the personal interest shown by regular subscribers in helping to extend the circulation of the *Unitarian* is the chief source of our success.

We enter with great hope the new year, our purpose always being to unite all denominational interests in a closer devotion to "the religion of Jesus."

Send Me. MANY a faithful heart made glad by the joyous gospel of a religion that is inspired through and through by love, and therefore hope, would willingly do something to spread that gospel, something to send on the blessing to other hearts.

We often hear it said, especially by devoted women: "I would so gladly help if I knew how! If I only had the means that some others have! or if I only had the ability or the time!"

The *Unitarian* offers itself to every one who has this desire, and says: "Send *me*.

"If you can afford one dollar, I will carry for you to any place in the United States, every month for a year, the best and most inspiring words of all the leading teachers of our gospel of great joy.

"What a good work you will be doing the whole of this New Year by sending me.

"If you cannot yourself afford to do that, then this at least you can do: take half an hour or less, and go to some friend or some neighbor, and say: 'Do subscribe for the *Unitarian*. Let it lie on your family table: it will bless somebody.'"

The *Unitarian* therefore says to each reader, "Do not be content to take me: do more, send me!"

Semi-attached. WHAT organization has so many semi-attached members as the church?

They are often actively interested, attend services and pay pew-rent, and, if asked, would undoubtedly claim to belong to Mr. So-and-so's church. Yet they belong to it only in so far as it is convenient.

The sense of attachment is incomplete.

It is an attachment for gain, but not for sacrifice.

An attachment on fine Sundays, but not on wet.

An attachment to the church, but not to the Sunday-school.

The burden of church work and support sits lightly upon these members.

What a field for church extension and missions and forward movements in completing the attachment of the semi-attached!

Students of God's Love. WILL any one send us five dollars to enable us to mail *Unitarians* every month for a year to a group of young men who are now engaged in the study of theology, to whom the *Unitarian* would reveal wonderful things?

Unitarian Union. ONE of the most important movements which our denomination has yet experienced is the effort to establish a union of our various young people's religious societies.

The suggestion has been often before us, and after many quiet consultations the matter was brought to public notice at the Washington National Conference by a formal meeting.

There was very great interest manifested, and evidently an earnest desire for the formation of some one organization to represent all the young people of our denomination.

A committee, with Rev. E. A. Horton, chairman, was appointed to communicate with the churches, and prepare a report to be presented at the annual May meetings in Boston. That committee has already sent a circular letter to the churches, with a suggested form of organization, and inquiries which, if promptly responded to, will give the committee the necessary data for their report. We urge all our ministers to bring the matter before the young people of their societies.

As to the suggestions offered by the committee, we infer from past experience that the form of organization should be as absolutely business-like and simple as possible.

The only thing that will have any influence in giving cohesion and permanence to our scattered little groups of clubs and guilds would be a common purpose definitely accepted as a pledge of faithfulness by each member. Such a common purpose Unitarians have, and have expressed; and the spiritual eagerness of our best youth is ready to rally to that banner.

We think this union will do a wise thing if it calls upon our young people, each and every one, to declare: —

"As a member of the Unitarian Union, I, ... pledge my faithful service to the religion of Jesus, love to God and love to man."

Such a union for spiritual service would be a continually increasing power, not only in our own denomination, but in all the higher interests of noble life.

Spiritual Service. THE message, the power, and the life of Jesus Christ was a spiritual service to the world; and it is surely this spiritual service which continues to be the deepest need of our own times.

God is Spirit; and we are!

Yet, as Jesus found the religious life of the people encrusted with formalism, legalism, and ceremonialism, so to-day how deeply is spiritual vigor buried beneath social display, material extravagance, and the rivalry of fashion!

Even churches are becoming "Institutional," lessons in carpentry and dressmaking, classes in all conceivable subjects, engrossing the time and thought of the minister and his phalanx of committee managers.

The Unitarian Church, free from the ceremonial and creedal bindings of other churches, has an immense field of work in stimulating that spiritual life which is the essence of Christianity,

In closing an admirable address to the Unitarian Club of Boston, Col. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, said:—

"Can the Unitarian Church render a service to the American people in helping to spiritualize it? I believe it has a mission before it. I believe that that mission is to bring out the very declaration of the Conference at Saratoga, reiterated at the Conference at Washington, that the basis of the whole business of Christian unity in the world is love to God and love to man. It is the source of our success, it is the source of our inspiration."

Short Catechism. IN another column we print a "Short Catechism" for Unitarians. The suggestion is that the few essential thoughts involved in it be popularized and made as household words by having this little catechism taught by parents to their children, recited in Sunday-schools, and used as responsive readings in guilds and other services.

The Bible as a Banner. THE Bible can be much more appropriately used as a banner than as a prison!

It makes a glorious flag for those who face the light, for it unfurls the brilliant story of man's march toward God.

From beginning to end it is a record of progress, of shaking off the outgrown form or creed, in order to accept the new discovery of better things. Abraham's religious belief was not good enough for Isaac, nor Isaac's for Joseph, nor Joseph's for Moses, nor Moses' for David. So on through the development of the wisdom writers and the priests and the prophets. And even then Isaiah's best was not good enough. So the old was again outgrown, and Jesus declared his clearer thought of God.

How strange it seems that such an inspiring story of the grandest "forward movement" ever recorded in history should be so perverted from its *purpose* as to be used to prevent any further progress in religious thought! Yet we find our contemporary, the *Lutheran Witness* of Chicago, in a letter to young people, saying: —

"The Bible is infallible: it always and everywhere directs us in the right way, and never and nowhere can it direct wrong."

It is this utterly unreasonable treatment of the Bible, putting the savage doings of Israel's early warriors, their treacheries and butcheries, on a plane of equal importance with the gentle example of Jesus, that makes many people hardly care to read the Bible at all; for, if it is infallible, it is absurd.

It is because it is *not* infallible, it is because it is in itself an example of improvement from generation to generation,

of growth out of bad things into better ways of life, that it appeals to every progressive, liberal mind to day.

As a banner, the Bible leads ever forward.

Massachusetts W. C. T. U. THE Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union sent a letter of criticism to Miss Willard, the president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, calling her to account for the resolution passed at Baltimore in October, which welcomed Jews and Catholics to fellowship. To this criticism Miss Willard replies very nobly, and her closing paragraphs are as follows :—

"Let it be remembered that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is not a church : it is a temperance union. It has no creed, but it has a toleration of principle. It stands for total abstinence, total prohibition, and a white life. Among its rally cries are these : 'No sectarianism in religion ; no sectionalism in politics ; no sex in citizenship.'

"Its motto is for God and home and native land ; and it proclaims not only in this, but in every nation, that only the 'gospel of the golden rule of Christ can bring the gladness of the golden age of man.'

"If Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, will come to us as fraternal message-bearers or as working allies upon this sacred platform, let us not only clasp their friendly hands, but go more than half-way to welcome them to the broad outlook and blessed fellowship of a union that has the home for its centre, harmony for its watchword, and the happiness of all for its heaven-appointed goal. In this faith and purpose I am your loyal comrade and coworker."

News. IT will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

Departments.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The American Unitarian Association does not flatter itself that it is recognized everywhere as the exponent and best defender of the principles upon which the American republic is founded. But for all that it wishes the people of America a Happy New Year, and it will do what it can to realize its wish. What is it we have most at heart? What is it that, being done, would best fulfil our mission? Is it not to do the simplest, and therefore the most difficult, of all things, — to put the essential principles of the conduct of life before the minds of the people, and then to make them effective in action?

There is no church in the country that would not stoutly affirm that it existed to increase love to God and love to man. From Catholic to Mormon all are agreed in that. But there are but a few hundreds of scattered churches in the country (including our own) which any one can join on a simple profession of a desire to love God and serve man. Instead of putting the essential things first, the Church reserves these for the most part. It puts between them and the minds of believers schemes of salvation, quadrilaterals of belief, and systems of church government. In all the plans for Christian unity recently offered not one contains, even by way of indirect reference, love, duty, reverence, or any essential principle of the devout and righteous life.

Now, the Unitarian Church of America has undertaken to put the first things first. It hopes to remove all obstructions to faith. It calls upon all lovers of their race to lay aside things non-essential, and to unite mind, heart, and hand to bring into activity in American life the principles which make for peace in the family, order in the neighborhood, justice in society, righteousness in the State.

The wit of man, working for sixty recorded centuries, has as yet devised no method to accomplish these ends so effective as to bind men together by a covenant to work together. Religion has been the most effective bond of social union, and the Church in some form has always been the most powerful agent of progress in the art of living well.

The December meeting of the directors of the American Unitarian Association, held on the second Tuesday of the month, was in part given up to matters in the Middle States ; and the following appropriations were made : Ithaca, N.Y., $1,500 ; Trenton, N.Y., $300 ; Plainfield, N.J., $500 ; Vineland, N.J., $300 ; Newburg, N.Y., $400 ;

Pittsburg, Pa., $300; Hamilton, Canada, $500; Passaic, N.J., $300; Albany, N.Y., $1,500; for new missionary work, $200; for one-half the salary of Rev. D. W. Morehouse, superintendent for the Middle States, $1,250.

The South will claim attention at the January meeting. We have there churches at Charleston, Richmond, Chattanooga, Asheville, Atlanta, Knoxville, Memphis, New Orleans, Austin, and San Antonio. Excepting Charleston, none of them are self-supporting. Can they be made so within a reasonable time? If they can be made Southern institutions, loved and cherished by Southern people, they can be well supported. At present they are in part regarded as importations from the North. And yet in the South are thousands of people who think for themselves, and, doing so, find themselves at odds with "Quadrilaterals" and "Pastoral Letters." Jefferson and Monroe did not scorn the aid of Dr. Bentley, the stalwart Unitarian of Salem, Mass., who was their constant correspondent and for them the purveyor of the best literature the world of his time afforded. Cincinnati, with churches that have recently joined the Southern Conference, Baltimore, Louisville, and the First Church in St. Louis can do much to make Southern people feel at home in our fellowship. They can do much also with money to sustain the Association while it gives temporary aid to struggling churches.

Our work must strengthen itself in the department of literature if we are to maintain the renown of the older days. All the world is thinking, writing, printing. There are great thoughts which ought to go into print in these stirring days. Five years hence the twentieth century will begin. May it better the brave record of the century drawing near to its close!

GEORGE BATCHELOR.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

I will turn a portion of this department into a question-box for this issue. A great many times I am questioned concerning the following subjects. This is a convenient way of replying, not only to those who ask, but to many others who are thinking the same things.

"What is the chief qualification for a good Sunday-school teacher?"

A little difficult to answer briefly, but it is safe to say that the first requisite for success is the ability of a teacher to show personal interest in his or her work. A great scholarship goes for nothing when the atmosphere of a teacher is cold. The friendly tie is the one that binds the different elements together effectively. There is no escaping this, however much we may wish to put first intellectual ability or some other qualification. The magnet at the centre of a constant and ardent attendance on the part of the pupils is the teacher's evident affection and concern for the members of the class. Added to this, of course, is the necessary interest the teacher should also have in the lessons and due preparation for them.

"What relation shall the minister take to the Sunday-school?"

That depends very much upon the church and the school. Differences are so great that it is hard to lay down a rule. It must be decided partly by the fitness of a minister for certain things, and also as to the material one has on hand. It would be foolish for some ministers to attempt to be superintendents of Sunday-schools. In other cases they are obliged to be, owing to the lack of competent volunteers. Theoretically, I believe that a minister should not be a superintendent, but his relation to the Sunday-school should be constant, friendly, and effective, a power behind the throne. The real answer to this question is that the minister's relation to the Sunday-school in all churches, however constituted, should be an active, co-operating one; but the actual duties vary.

"Is it wise to have remarks at the opening of the Sunday-school by outsiders?"

Here is another case for argument, based upon differences, again, in Sunday-schools. It is a dangerous piece of business to ask this one and that one to speak. Time is often wasted, the lessons encroached upon, and, frequently, nothing well said at that. I have had occasion a hundred times to say that there are very few individuals who know how to talk concisely and helpfully to young people. If the lesson is a uniform one, then the minister or some selected speaker can utilize the opening by remarks to good results.

"In these days is it advisable to have libraries for Sunday-schools?"

Here, again, is a debatable matter, to be settled discreetly by considering each case. There are Sunday-schools in the cities where libraries are not of much help, because the pupils have so many books at home. Yet I have noticed that even there books for the younger ones prove of great attractive power. I should say that in a majority of our Sunday-schools scattered over the country, a library was valuable which contained greatly selected books not common in other sources, books which, without being "goody-goody," yet had a moral tone and a religious current.

"What shall be done with a class of boys

who show no interest in the lessons, and come unprepared?"

I have always sympathized with the teachers who have asked me this question. It is often a dreary undertaking to handle such an array of restless and indifferent pulpils. There is only one way for a devoted teacher, and that calls for patience and faith. The editor of the *Pilgrim Teacher* has a very good word on this topic: "Inattention comes very near being the worst obstacle many a teacher has to face. When a whole class comes to the session with no knowledge about the lesson, and with no desire to get that knowledge, the teaching is hard. The only thing for a teacher in this situation to do is to present the lesson as attractively as possible, and keep pegging away until a better result is obtained."

"Is it advisable to drill on the music in the opening devotional exercises?"

My feeling is against this. Better, it seems to me, to go through with some blunders than to turn the religious exercises into a teaching of music. Of course, if there are flagrant mistakes, then stop and have them corrected. If there is inattention and lack of spirit, make the pupils go back and sing over. But I assume that this question refers to actual rehearsal of new tunes, the pointing out of technical errors, and the like. This ought to be carefully seen to at some other time.

"Do you advocate the reading of stories in the class by the teacher?"

This question I have answered frequently in print, and always to this effect,— that the reading of a story should be the climax to the teaching. Whatever is done in this way should be for illustration and enforcement of something taught. To use up the precious teaching time in reading something picked up at haphazard is, to my mind, almost criminal. There is often a chance to round out and impress a lesson at the end by reading a brief, pertinent story.

"Is there any way of making the opening exercises more attractive?"

I know of only one resource beyond the ordinary helps of good music and bright method of conducting. That is to have the superintendent prepare himself. No one should open a school and conduct the service who has not carefully thought out the whole thing, part for part. His mind, backed up by his heart, should be in the exercises. It must not be a perfunctory and mechanical affair. The superintendent should be so imbued with the particular impression he wishes to make through that service that his whole bearing and tone would confirm what is being said and sung. This is true of successful and impressive devotional services in the pulpit, and the same law applies to religious exercises in a Sunday-school.

"How far do you think a Sunday-school can be made to prosper by methods and machinery?"

The questioner in this case, as I have reason to know, is anxious to adopt all new ideas, if possible; but she is uncertain as to whether they will make the Sunday-school she has in charge any larger or any more vigorous. She thinks that it is personal work and the spirit of interest shown which determine a Sunday-school's prosperity. In this my questioner is right. I have seen Sunday-schools rise into great religious and numerical success under methods and arrangements which seemed primitive. I have seen other schools in which the latest "fads" and the greatest number of wheels were used; and yet the spirit was lacking in the wheels, and the school was not as prosperous as under old and simpler ways. Nothing can take the place of personal devotion and the enthusiasm of leadership. Machinery is good, but it will not run of itself.

I would remind those who want to supply their children with good reading matter that *Every Other Sunday*, when bound for the year, makes a tempting and valuable collection of poems, stories, essays, and illustrations. Volume X. is now ready in attractive form. Price 75 cents.

The leaflet lessons in the current course are out for January. The subjects treated are "The Great Supper," "The Vine and the Branches," "The Prodigal Son," and "The Prayer of Jesus." The Intermediate and Advanced are bound together in one leaflet. The Primary is also an illustrated four-page leaflet. Price 50 cents per hundred.

The Sunday School Union in Boston is going on its successful way this season. Under the president, F. B. Thayer, it is holding inspiring sessions. I advise those in other places who wish information how to conduct Sunday-school unions or desire subjects for consideration to correspond with the secretary, Miss L. P. Parker, 41 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society sends a hearty New Year's greeting to the workers in our schools throughout the land. May they go forward with full faith that their labor is not in vain! At no time in the history of our country or through the progress of Christianity was the Sunday-school teacher's work so important.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

Thankfulness is the tune of angels.— *Spenser.*

GUILDS.

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.

Read before the Guild of the Channing Memorial Church, Newport, R. I., by Sarah W. Ladd.

The church is formed for our highest good, at a cost of time and money to many; and, in order to make this investment earn proper dividend, each of us has a duty to perform. The minister may do the best of work; but, unless we co-operate with him, success will not be attained. I propose, in a simple and familiar way, to point out some of our shortcomings.

To begin, I will say that I think that the empty seats on Sunday morning speak volumes against us. Many otherwise good Unitarians are absent on that occasion. Do such realize that they thereby neglect their spiritual education, which is really of the highest account to us, and should control the moral and, to a great extent, the physical well-being? If the exercises were simply amusing, we should have no cause for complaint.

A fault of lesser magnitude is tardiness. Our service does not commence at such an early hour as to excuse it. If the prayer has already commenced, and we are supposed to be in harmony and of one accord in the petition to the throne of grace, how unpleasant to hear a series of movements, rustling of garments, etc., which are necessary to seating ourselves! A little more effort on our part would correct this in a large part.

Now, do we seriously consider how disheartening to the minister, after he has given the best of himself to study and preparation, to see empty seats and scant numbers to listen to his sermons, which he had hoped would at once be a pleasure and profit to us all? How it must lessen his courage and enthusiasm and chill inspiration! but even then the loss is greater to ourselves.

Let us try to overcome all the obstacles that we should be sure to if we had a ticket to the opera house or other place of amusement. As we require the minister to be in his desk on Sunday morning and at the appointed hour, let us second him in his successful effort. I have heard it said, "He should be there, for it is his business." None the less is it ours to be there to listen and to join in the service. It is an act of discourtesy to him whom we have appointed the highest function in the church. If we are invited to a feast, we should consider it discourteous not to attend or tender some regret for not being able to do so. The feast is prepared at expense and trouble, for the mutual pleasure of host and friends, more largely the latter, since the host or hostess usually realizes his part from the reflex pleasure of the guests. If they have been gratified, the giver of the entertainment is more so.

Sometimes a minister preaches a series of sermons with a view to a complete study of some subject. To miss one from the series may impair the force of the whole in its bearing on that object. I know that many people, busy all the week, feel like remaining at home on Sunday for rest,—not a bad idea in itself; but who does not know that a different kind of exercise rests one most? The mind, drawn from the workaday ideas to a higher plane of thought, often causes one to forget weariness,—in fact, it has disappeared. The mind exerts a real and positive influence over the physical body. Pleasurable emotions rest and recreate us. Perhaps some of us may complain that a sermon is not sufficiently interesting to hold our attention. Well, I sympathize much with any church which has such a preacher. It certainly is not our lot. No minister should be expected to preach equally good sermons every week; but the preachers of our faith are usually interesting, for it is mostly live and thinking men who join our ranks. They are not hampered by a cut-and-dried theology, nor bounded by high walls which one must be careful about peering over. With simple faith in Almighty power, the accumulated knowledge of the world is their workshop. Much can they find therein, but not without labor, diligent and careful study day by day. If we are not interested, I fear that, for the most part, the fault is our own.

The church is a mutual association for help in our ethical and spiritual life. It touches every department,—the family, business, society, politics, government, and art. It is the true end and aim of the ideal church to work together in the endeavor to find out *how* to live, or, in other words, how to think and act in the temptations, trials, and perplexities of life. Other occupations are for the means of physical life. The church, if it accomplishes its mission, teaches us how to use these means for the attainment of the ideal life.

What shall we say of whisperings during the service and sermon? The minister, who overlooks the whole area of the interior, cannot help being disturbed by this rudeness. If we address a few friends on any subject in our drawing-rooms or even in ordinary conversation, it would be especially rude to turn to our neighbor for conversation. If a person is making a best effort at a piano in a drawing-room, and any one of those present begins conversation on another theme, it is rightly deemed discourteous. If we are not enjoying the

music, at least let others do so. I know that all good performers will agree with me as to the disturbing influence on themselves. Now, is not the offence really greater at such a time and place as the church, which is set apart for divine worship?

An exceedingly ill-bred habit is that of reading during the service or the sermon. I am happy to say this is by no means as common as some other faults.

Even on our way down the aisles and out of the house of God, let us keep at a distance from the more sordid of our everyday interests. A lady, not of our city, complained that it disturbed her, on her way out, to hear remarks like the following:—

"I will not have my dresses made on a sewing-machine!"

Let us get all the benefit that we can by not dismissing too soon the thoughts and ideas that have been given us. Even a little time given each day during the week to what we hear would make it more practical and helpful to us. I find it so.

Allow me to speak a word on our attitude in prayer. That the ear of the Lord is ever open to our heartfelt petitions is true, whether standing or walking or whatever our position may be; but, when the meek and lowly Jesus prayed to the Father, it is said that he *bowed his head*. Is not the example a good one? and will it not induce a more prayerful and reverent spirit, inasmuch as external objects are shut out? And may we not hope that a whole church united in one humble attitude will have a stronger effect on each and all?

Do not let us consider these small matters trivial in their consequences. Each of us may set an example to some one. No one is too old or too young to do his best and influence others.

"It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving;
But it scattered the night
Like morning light,
And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull warp a woof it rose
In shining colors of hope and love;
And the angels smiled as they watched above,
Yet little it cost in the giving.

"A smile, a word, or a touch,
And each is easily given;
Yet either may win
A soul from sin
Or smooth the way to heaven.
A smile may lighten the failing heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest smart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart.
How easily either is given!"

At the Third Religious Society, Dorchester, Boston, the guild began its evening meetings on December 1. Mr. Mott presided at the opening meeting, and spoke upon "How to Read the Bible," showing how wonderfully interesting this study of the Bible becomes when treated in the modern way, as an historical account of how slowly men have found out about God.

On December 15 a guild paper of interesting contributions was read by Miss Wilde, containing a letter from Miss Channing, a description of King's Chapel, by Mrs. Laura T. Greene, and "A Conversation," by Miss Ella Martin.

Miss Wilde also reported, as a delegate, the union meeting of guilds at Neponset.

Mrs. Curtis gave some valuable suggestions from a Guild Alliance meeting.

The Committee on Work have a programme for the year almost ready for publication.

A circular has been sent out with reference to the new national young people's organization. It is accompanied by a suggested form of organization for local societies. They come from a special committee, consisting of Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. A. W. Gould, and Mr. George W. Stone. Both circulars should receive careful consideration by the existing young people's societies. Copies will be sent to any one applying to Mr. Horton, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

The guild at Littleton, Mass., is in a prosperous condition. It was the first guild organized, and it has never been in a more active condition than now. It is well attended, and the meetings are interesting and profitable.

The guild at Medfield recently observed the seventh anniversary of its organization. The exercises consisted of music, addresses, and a supper. Delegates from several neighboring guilds were expected, but a severe storm prevented their attendance. The meeting was a very pleasant one, though the attendance was necessarily small.

The guild at Bedford, Mass., prints on its programmes this excellent statement of its object: "to encourage among its members and others the spirit of religious inquiry, to strengthen and help the church, and to bind its members together into a fraternity for sincere friendship, mutual helpfulness, and earnest moral and religious culture."

The Guild for Christian Culture at Neponset, Mass., at a recent meeting had six five-minute addresses on "Unitarian Belief." The meeting was spirited and interesting, all the papers were good, and some of them were of superior quality. All pronounced it one of the very best meetings the guild has ever held.

All the young people's societies connected with the First Parish, Dorchester, Mass., have been federated together into one general organization. Each retains its own objects, meetings, and officers; but all join together to promote their common interests. They alternate with each other in having charge of the young people's Sunday afternoon meetings. GEORGE W. COOKE.

LITERARY NOTES.

Studies in Theologic Definition underlying the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. By Frederick Palmer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.—The genial rector of the Episcopal church in Andover gives in this volume a most interesting and readable statement, which will satisfy his theological party, while at the same time it will rejoice the friends of progressive theology; for the book, while true to its author's position in the "Church," is yet permeated with the thought of this modern day, which in some instances drives men away from established creedal churches to find rest in a broader fellowship.

The reader is interested to see how the author seeks to justify the retention of phraseology in the creed which modern thinking questions, as, for instance, the famous "I believe in the resurrection of the body." These words are certainly a stumbling-block and offence to the modern mind; but our author has no trouble with them, for, he says, a former generation framed them in the belief that soul without body was inconceivable. Personal identity in a future life was to be had only by preserving the body. So, though our day denies the clothing of the old belief, the Episcopal Church is justified in retaining and repeating words which once meant "preservation after death of personal identity." "Then I may with entire honesty join with them in saying, 'I believe in the resurrection of the body,' and this because abandoning old phraseologies would mean giving up trying to retain fellowship with olden time, and make it necesary that every man should have a church to himself." Mr. Palmer sees no middle ground between uniting on beliefs which are not identical and "the strictest individualism." Therefore, for the sake of union with an early day which believed stoutly in the resurrection of the body, he, while disclaiming that belief and denying its truthfulness, will repeat it several times every Sunday.

Our author's Trinity will not trouble the Unitarian, for it consists only in "three sides to his nature," "three moods in which he manifests himself"; and this God was once manifested in a human personality "who authentically represented God under human conditions."

In treating of inspiration, our author finds that man or book to be inspired which inspires; and the vehicles of revelation he finds to be institutions, nations, men, books, which have exerted prophetic influence in history. Salvation is defined as moral holiness. "No heaven could be heaven which did not advertise this as its characteristic charm; and any hell would be welcomed which, after however many cycles of torment, should prove eventually a purgatory." Entrance to the kingdom of heaven is not by crisis commonly called "conversion." We enter heaven by education, "the only normal entrance"; and because spiritual life is not self-evolved, but is communicated, the Church exists to aid that communication as by a living personality, so establishing close connection between its corporate life and the life of Christ,—a ministry "of Christ as the ever-present spiritual and divine element of the world's life," and not simply of a being who is merely a "purely historic figure."

All this savors of that modern thinking which many times is apt to criticise such men as Mr. Palmer for seeking to use old bottles to hold the new wine. No matter how far such a writer may depart from the old standards and interpretations thereof, we cannot accuse him of heresy; for by his standard one is no heretic, if so be he earnestly desires to know the truth, and is a loyal servant of that truth so far as he knows it, and "theologic doctrines are always scaffolding, supports to hold temporarily and explain great soul facts which are eternal."

Mr. Palmer writes in finest style. The average reader finds no difficulty in understanding him, while the liberal thinker will read between his lines much which tells of the influence of that which we call modern-day thought. But our author must know that in his interpretation of theology he is world-wide of the mark of the fathers in the Church. Judged by their standards, his interpretations are rankest heresy. And yet all that is of less consequence than that the truth get spoken. His volume does that well. G. H. Y.

History of Dogma. By Adolph Harnack. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Volume I., of Dr. Harnack's great work on the "History of Dogma" is now before us in a translation of the third German edition, and has already received much critical review. The present volume leads us from a survey of the foundations of Christian faith, as discovered in the Gospels, through the Christianity of Jewish Christians to Gnostic Christianity. It is an admirably

clear and readable exposition of the genesis of Catholic doctrine. For the most part, the too technical discussion is confined to notes and appendices, so that the less critical reader can follow the study without confusion. Presumably, the most popular part of the present volume will be the first third, which Dr. Harnack modestly designates as presuppositions. These presuppositions, however, really embody Dr. Harnack's own conclusions from his profound and technical study of the whole field of Christian history. It is not surprising to find most of the orthodox criticisms directed against these presuppositions. When Dr. Harnack condenses the essence of Christ's teaching into such a sentence as this, "Jesus Christ brought no new doctrine, but he set forth in his own person the holy life with God and before God, and gave himself in virtue of this life to the service of his brethren, in order to win them for the kingdom of God,—that is, to lead them out of selfishness and the world to God,"—it is evident that he sees beyond the genesis of dogma to the union of Christianity in love.

Historical and Other Papers. By Grindall Reynolds, D.D. Edited by Alice Reynolds Keyes.—In sending the facts of his life to the editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, Dr. Reynolds said, I "have no desire to spread abroad my exceedingly feeble glories." He was too modest to seek publication; and it is only now, a year after his death, that we have any volume of his collected works. The present book, however, under the able editorship of his daughter, furnishes us with ample evidence of Dr. Reynolds's vigorous literary power. His calm, judicial mind and admirable judgment, so often put to the test in adjusting the difficulties of denominational affairs, is well exemplified in the two papers on "The Church in Concord," its "Planting" and its "Period of Dissension." His historical inclinations were by no means confined even to this famous locality, and the admirable paper on the "Northern Campaigns of the Revolution" gives us a statesman's survey of his country's needs. Appended to the historical papers are seven sermons, lovingly chosen from as many periods in his life-work. One cannot read the earliest of these, written in 1868, without at once feeling the thrill of that fervor for righteousness which was well inbred in the descendant of the old Puritan Archbishop of Canterbury, Grindal, and which all who knew the late secretary of the Unitarian Association recognized as the impelling and burning motive of his life. We think these seven sermons have been admirably chosen; and the last one, written a year before his death, from the text, "Believe me for the work's sake," while extremely short, admirably represents the insight, earnestness, and activity of the writer.

Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago. By T. A. Goodwin, D.D. Chicago, Ill.: Open Court Publishing Company.—"The Song of Solomon," so often misunderstood, is here presented, and interpreted as a beautiful historical poem. To the ordinary reader of the Bible this "Song" is a perpetual enigma, and many extraordinary efforts have been made to give to it some doctrinal or didactic meaning. Dr. Goodwin here restores to us the original intention of the poem, bringing out in an admirable, appreciative way the purpose of the love story. The interpretation here given is free from any technical textual criticism, and appears at once to the average reader.

Ruling Ideas of the Present Age. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—To discover and interpret the tendency of the ruling ideas of one's own age is to fathom the philosophy of life. In "Applied Christianity" and "Tools and the Man" Dr. Gladden's purpose was more limited, more practical, and more successful. The present volume, however, while but imperfectly interpreting the complex themes treated, will yet serve to attract attention to many of the ruling influences of modern life.

The Poor in Great Cities. New York: Scribner's Sons.—The admirable series of articles concerning the problems of the poor, and "How to solve them," which have recently appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, are here published in one volume. A dozen authors of highest repute contribute, men like Sir Walter Besant, Jacob A. Riis. The accompanying illustrations are studies made in the places described, and give a vivid and popular interest to the book. There is very little that is theoretical, every chapter being written by an expert, and discussing or suggesting practical methods of reform or relief. Altogether, the book forms, perhaps, the most important contribution yet made to one of the most widely discussed subjects of the day.

The Wage-workers of America. By John Stolze, M.D. Chicago: Columbia Publishing Company.— The author says the object of writing this volume was a desire to assist his fellow-citizens in solving the labor problems of the age. The book is a medley of many things, the publisher furnishing neither a "table of contents" nor "index," as we learn from the preface that, to be fully appreciated, the whole book must be *read consecutively*.

Persian Life and Customs. By S. G. Wilson. New York: Fleming Revell Company. This prettily illustrated book is the record of incidents and travel during the residence of Dr. Wilson, for fifteen years a missionary, in the land of the lion and the sun. He gives a new insight into the conditions of Persian life, and shows that even the immutable laws of the Medes cannot resist the innovations of this electric age.

An Old New England Town. By Frank S. Child. New York: Scribner's Sons.—This exquisitely made volume, with its many beautiful illustrations, is history in a series of word-etchings,—pictures of the life of former days, which make very much alive again the old New England town.

Rev. George H. Young of Lawrence, Mass., who has for several seasons given courses of unusually taking lectures upon "Noted Women," adds this year lectures upon Jane Austen, Mary Lamb, Elizabeth Fry, and Madame de Staël to his already well-filled list. Women's Alliance Branches, desiring instructive lectures, will do wisely in communicating with Mr. Young.

Magazines.

In the December number of the *New England Magazine* are stories by Edward Everett Hale and his son, Robert Beverley Hale, whose early death is so deeply mourned. Dr. Hale's own story is entitled "From Generation to Generation: A Story of Christmas Christianity," a story beginning on the "Mayflower" and ending with a company of the early New England settlers in Ohio. Mr. Robert Hale's story is entitled "A Middle-aged Woman." It is the last story which he wrote, and is accompanied here by a portrait from a photograph taken during his life as a Harvard student. It is not only his last story, but one of his very best, full of an energetic reform spirit, and will be read with deep interest by all who had watched his promising career.

The *Arena* has reduced its price to twenty-five cents per copy with the December issue, and the current number which opens the new volume is exceptionally strong. Personal recollections of Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, and Bryant, by such thinkers as Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Frank B. Sanborn, and Rev. John W. Chadwick, will prove exceedingly interesting to those interested in America's great poets.

The *New World* for December completes the fourth volume of this leading review of religion, ethics, and theology, presenting this strong table of contents: "Tendencies of Thought in Modern Judaism," David Philipson; "The Miracles of Jesus in the Synoptic Gospels," Albert Réville; "The Anabaptists," W. E. Griffis; "The Pseudo-Athanasian Augustinianism," Levi L. Paine; "Tito Melema," Julia H. Gulliver; "Popular Protestant Controversy," C. C. Starbuck; "Local Cults in Homer," Arthur Fairbanks; "The Nomadic Ideal in the Old Testament," Karl Budde. Fifty-five pages of able reviews of prominent books follow.

St. Nicholas Magazine recently offered prizes for the best corrections of a misspelled poem. More than ten thousand answers were received; and the committee has been overwhelmed with work, the results of which and the names of the prize-winners will appear in the January *St. Nicholas.* Answers came from all over the world,—from Turkey, from Egypt, and from Europe, from a little countess in Vienna, and from the grandchildren of Emerson and Hawthorne in America. The committee reluctantly make the admission that the penmanship of the English and Canadian children excels that of Uncle Sam's boys and girls.

France, Scotland, England, Japan, and the United States are represented by the writers of the five articles in the January number of the *International Journal of Ethics.* The main articles are: "The Hegemony of Science and Philosophy," Alfred Fouillée, Institute of France; "Social Evolution," D. G. Ritchie, University of St. Andrews, Scotland; "The Ethical Life and Conceptions of the Japanese," Tokiwo Yokoi, Tokyo, Japan; "The Social Question in the Catholic Congress," John Graham Brooks, Cambridge, Mass.; "National Prejudices," John Code Bayly, London. The article by Prof. William James in the October number (Vol. VI., No. 1) on "Is Life Worth Living?" is discussed by Thomas Davidson and Prof. J. Arthur Thomson.

The *Bachelor of Arts*, beginning its second year, has already won a unique place among our magazines. It is unique in appearance, in aim, and in attainment. It has a distinct university flavor, and appeals irresistibly to every college graduate.

The *American Journal of Sociology* has now appeared in three issues, and has certainly proved itself equal to the high standard proposed. The head of the department of sociology in the University of Chicago, Prof. Albion Small, is editor; and the university guarantees financial support. It has thus the power to secure the assistance of the most eminent specialists in the world, and is quite sure to be an invaluable aid to every student.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Wake, oh, wake! A voice is calling,—
Rise, O children of the light;
Foes of Christ no more appalling,
Quit the gloomy shades of night.
Forward, in the fields of duty,
Serve the King in all his beauty,
Arise, arise, arise!
We must strive and toil together
Till has dawned the perfect day.

Wake, oh, wake! The voice is saying,—
Up, and choose an earnest part;
Ever hoping, ever praying,
Seek to cheer some fainting heart.
Forward, etc.

Wake, oh, wake! The voice will lead you
Through the night and through the day.
Young and weak, yet God doth need you
To prepare for him the way.
Forward, etc.

Wake, oh, wake! The voice doth ever
Courage give when in the strife
Faithful hearts, with high endeavor,
Battle with the wrongs of life.
Forward, etc. —*W. R. Shanks.*

A DAUGHTER'S PART AT HOME.

One of the sweetest things a girl can do is to receive friends graciously, particularly at home. In one's own house a cordial manner is peculiarly fitting. Do not stand off in the middle of the room, and bow coldly and formally to the friend who has called. Walk over to meet her, give her your hand, and say pleasantly that you are very glad to see her again. Stiff, cold, and formal ways of greeting acquaintances are not proper in a girl welcoming guests to her father's house. A daughter's part is to assist her mother on every social occasion. The girl pours the tea in her mother's drawing-room when friends drop in at five o'clock. Quite often, when no maid is present, she helps the guests to the sandwiches and the cakes which are served at a five o'clock tea, and herself hands the cups, and takes them from the guest who would like to be relieved.

Apart from and more important even than her manner to a guest who happens in for an hour or a day is the manner of a daughter to her father and mother. The father returns to his home after a wearying day at business. He is tired in body and mind. Coming back, as his latch-key turns in the home door, he throws off care. He is joyous at the thought of the dear ones he will meet after hours of absence. His young daughter, in a pretty gown, with the bloom and freshness only girlhood wears, should be ready to give him the attention he loves,—the kiss, the cheery word,—to help her mother and the rest in letting her father see how much he is loved at home. Men give up a great deal for their families,—their time, their strength, the knowledge they have gained in life's experiences,—they spend everything freely for their home's sake; and the home should pay its debt in much outspoken love.—*Harper's Round Table.*

SOMEBODY'S BABY.

I see each morning as I pass
A tiny house that's on my way,
A pretty picture through the glass,
A face that haunts me through the day.

'Tis some one's baby there who crows,
And stretches out his hands to me:
He thinks I'm some one that he knows.
I'm not, but I should like to be.

I'm not the only man who goes
Along that street, and glances in;
But I'm the only one he shows
The very slightest interest in.

He's taught me one thing that I'd missed.
His winning ways a seed have sown.
I'd give my freedom to be kissed
By such a baby of my own.

—*Waldron W. Anderson, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

VERY HUMAN.

A little three-year-old girl likes very much to go to church, and especially enjoys the singing. One day the choir sang "Rock of Ages, cleft for me"; and after she got home the little one was heard singing, very seriously, "Rock the babies, kept for me."

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed, "because," she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment and honor my papa and mamma, yet *my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at seven o'clock.*"

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the* 18*th of the month.*]

Rev. Walter Knight of Clifton Springs, N.Y., having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN,
Chairman.
D. W. MOREHOUSE,
Secretary.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Rev. J. T. Sunderland and family left Ann Arbor for Europe last July, to be absent a year. During September the pulpit was occupied by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago. October 1 Rev. J. C. Kimball of Hartford came as pastor for the year, and has preached to interested congregations twice each Sunday since that time. The Unity Club has an excellent course of entertainments for the year, three of the lectures already given having been exceptionally good: Miss Wadsworth of Boston, on "Thackeray"; Rev. John Snyder of St. Louis, on "The Evolution of American Humor"; and Prof. John W. Langley, on "Is Electricity in its Infancy?"

The other organizations of the church—Ladies' Union, King's Daughters, and Young Men's Liberal Guild—seem to be in good working order, though, possibly, a little less active on account of the absence of the regular pastor and his family.

Athol, Mass.—Second Church: All the Protestant churches of Athol (Advent, Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist, Trinitarian Congregational, and First and Second Unitarian Congregational) joined in a union Thanksgiving service, which was held in the Second church, and was one of the best attended ever held here. The pastor of the Methodist church, Rev. J. H. Mansfield, preached the sermon. Neatly framed cards, giving the name of the church, its pastor, and Sunday-school superintendent, the time of service, etc., have been placed in each one of the hotels, the post-office, the bank, and the station.

A column of Second Church news, which appears in the Athol *Transcript* every Tuesday, keeps the work of our church constantly before the public, and is doing most effective missionary work for the religion of Jesus. At the head of this column is a cut of the church, with the words, "Here let no man be stranger"; also the pastor's name and residence and the hour of service. Then follow these four items, which appear every week:—

"This church welcomes to membership, irrespective of creed, color, or nationality, all who in the Love of the Truth and the Spirit of Jesus Christ wish to unite for the Worship of God and the Service of Man.

"This church is supported by voluntary subscriptions. The pews are all free, and any one may occupy any seat at any time.

"All that consider the Second Unitarian Church their church home are requested to share its burdens as well as its privileges.

"Members will confer a favor upon their pastor by informing him of any case of sickness or trouble."

The ladies of the church held their nineteenth annual fair Tuesday and Wednesday, December 10 and 11. The attendance was unusually large. Upwards of three hundred people sat down to the famous hot turkey supper the first evening. The hall was prettily decorated. Eight booths represented the "Festival of Holidays,"—New Year, St. Valentine, Washington's Birthday, Easter, Christmas, Fourth of July, Labor Day, and Thanksgiving Day. This year's souvenirs consisted of a hand-painted Christmas card, with photographs of the church and its minister.

Bar Harbor, Me.—Rev. Mr. Cochrane began work as settled pastor of the Liberal Christian Church of Bar Harbor October 1. He has announced in the local papers a series of practical sermons under the general head of "Village Improvement." The Sunday-school has introduced Mr. Horton's new service and song book, and, with the addition of Mrs. Cochrane to the teachers, hopes this winter to do solid work.

Battle Creek, Mich.—The installation of Rev. Thomas J. Horner as pastor of the Independent Congregational Church took place in the presence of a congregation which filled the house. The sermon was preached by Rev. Charles G. Ames of Boston. The subject was the mission of a Christian church and the duty of a Christian minister in meeting the requirements of the present age, and its treatment was in every sense worthy of the grandeur of the theme. The discourse was masterly alike in the rugged strength of its thought, the fertility of its practical suggestion, and the aptness and force with which the obligations imposed by the essential teachings of Christianity were presented. The following hymn composed for the installation by Mrs. F. B. Horner, wife of the pastor installed, was sung:—

"Lord, bless this union which to-night
We formally avow;
And may its future be as bright
As hope reveals it now!

"Sure feet unto thy servant be,
Which through the troubled way
Shall safely lead him on to thee,
As dawns thy glorious day!

"To him be clear, far-seeing eyes,
All evil to search through,
And, 'midst the wrongs that round him rise,
See but the good to do!

"Be thou to him a faithful mind;
The impress of thy seal
On every thought, clear and deep-lined,
May he most surely feel!

"Then shall his heart with love o'erflow,
To light the path for all:
The deaf shall hear, the sightless know,
The lame fear not to fall."

—A joint conference of the Unitarian, Universalist, and Independent societies of the State was held here December 11 and 12. On the evening of the 11th Rev. T. J. Horner was installed as pastor of the Independent Congregational Society, Rev. Charles G. Ames of Boston preaching the sermon and Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo giving the right hand of fellowship.

The most important action of the conference was the organization of all the liberal societies of the State for the purpose of missionary work and general co-operation. Whatever may be true elsewhere, there was not the slightest friction manifested here between Unitarians and Universalists, but rather a rivalry with each other to see which would be the most self-forgetful in devotion to their common cause. Each denomination is to keep up its separate organization; but they are to work together through common officers in the missionary field. Rev. T. P. Byrnes of Manistee is secretary alike of the Unitarian Conference and of the Joint Liberal Conference.

Boston, Mass.—Great uneasiness was caused in Unitarian circles here, and especially among the members of the Church of the Unity, by the announcement that Rev. Minot J. Savage had been called to the Church of the Messiah, New York. It was understood that many inducements besides that of a largely increased salary were offered by New Yorkers, if Mr. Savage would consent to leave the city he has so long honored, and the church to which he has so successfully ministered for twenty-one years, and, in association with Rev. Robert Collyer at the Church of the Messiah, enter the metropolitan field offered by such a city as New York. There is no doubt that Mr. Savage at New York would mean an immense gain to Unitarianism in that important centre; but to Bostonians it seems certain that the loss to New England would be more damaging to the national cause than would be counterbalanced by New York's gain. Mr. Savage is at present the best known and most influential preacher in the denomination, and wherever he goes there follows increased interest in our work and cause; but in Boston he has a church and a permanent body of supporters so largely dependent upon his holding personality that it would be very difficult, if not impossible, for Mr. Savage to leave without irremediably scattering the church.

Efforts are being made by the Unity Church people and others to raise a large fund, by which a splendid new church may be built on Commonwealth Avenue if Mr. Savage will remain in Boston. We hope this movement will be successful.

—Vesper services at the First Church have been of unusual interest this season. The next two vesper services take place at 7.30 P.M., on January 5, preacher, Rev. Minot J. Savage; January 19, preacher, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

—At King's Chapel there is service every Sunday afternoon at 3.30, at which all seats are free. These services are very interesting, and have an increasing attendance.

—At Arlington Street Church the vesper services have been as well attended as in any previous season. The wonderful new organ has been an inspiring power, and is the admiration of visitors.

—Dorchester: The Norfolk Unitarian Church is having a course of six Wednesday evening entertainments. Rev. M. J. Savage gave the first last Wednesday,—a lecture on "American Wit and Humor." The remaining five are as follows: Wednesday, January 1, Carolyn M. Field, "History of Spire Growth"; Wednesday, January 15, Damon Sisters' Orchestra; Wednesday, January 29, Gen. A. P. Martin, "The Battle of Gettysburg"; Wednesday, February 12, Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, "Present Condition of our Public Schools"; Wednesday, February 26, grand concert.

—Unitarian Church, Richmond Street: The first meeting of the Young People's Auxiliary after the summer vacation was held on October 3. Plans were at once made for a dramatic entertainment, which was given on November 21 and 22. This proved very successful, as the sum of $75 was cleared. Mr. S. J. Willis very kindly took the management of the plays; and for helpful services we are also indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Mott, Mr. and Mrs. Hadaway, Miss LeFray, Dr. Rice, Mr. Chipman, Mr. Seavey Swan, Mr. Earle, and Mr. Young. The club has changed its name from the Young Ladies' Auxiliary to Young People's Auxiliary, in order to give our gentlemen members the privilege of coming to the business meetings. For our Christmas work we have given $10 to a mission school in Boston to help fill the candy-bags. At a sale held at Mrs. Eddy's on December 11 for the benefit of the Kindergarten at the Home for Incurables, one table was devoted to fancy articles contributed by the members of the club; and $23 was realized. There have been an unusual number of inquiries about our

church lately, and a great many strangers coming into our services. Several families have taken sittings.

Brooklyn, N.Y.—The Church of the Saviour is in possession of another beautiful memorial window given by the children of the late Mr. Isaac Frothingham. It was unveiled on Sunday morning, December 15, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot preaching a sermon appropriate to the occasion from the text, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!" These words appear on the window, which is the work of the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company, who probably have never produced anything more lovely and artistic. The lower part is a landscape picture, representing a running brook in the midst of a forest, and a hart quenching his thirst at its waters. The setting sun sheds its glory over all. Two angels in flowing robes, carrying large, uplifted trumpets, fill the upper part of the window.

Cambridge, Mass.—On the evening of December 10 the Young People's Society of the First Parish Church gave a reception to the Unitarian students of Harvard and Radcliffe in the church parlor. Several hundred young people were in attendance, and the occasion was an enjoyable one. A new Bible class is being organized for the young people, in connection with the Sunday-school, to be taught by Prof. Toy. The last meeting of the Women's Alliance was largely devoted to a review of the work of the late Helen G. Putnam, who had many warm friends in the parish.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—Rev. Leslie W. Sprague and his wife, Rev. Lila Frost Sprague, have been called, jointly, to the pastorate of All Souls' Church. Mrs. Sprague has ministered acceptably to the usual congregations during Mr. Sprague's sojourn in the East.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—The formal ordination and installation of Rev. George R. Gebauer as pastor of Unity Church took place Sunday, December 8, at College Hall, where the congregation regularly assembles for the purpose of worship. Rev. George R. Gebauer has been in charge of the pastoral work for some time, and is meeting with great success in his efforts to build up the membership. The clergy who participated were Rev. Dr. David Philipson, rabbi of the Holy Congregation Children of Israel, Rev. John Goddard, pastor of the Church of the New Jerusalem, Rev. Trowbridge B. Forbush of Chicago, Western superintendent of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. George A. Thayer, pastor of the First Unitarian Church, Rev. Hugo G. Eisenlohr, and Rev. E. A. Coil. Mr. Forbush preached the sermon. The conclusion reached was that the soul, being still capable of receiving new impressions in regard to the mysteries of the universe, should not be trammelled with the shell of the religion of former ages, but should be free to grow and expand under the influence of the great recruiting power existent everywhere around it.

Concord, N.H.—Sunday, November 24, marked the beginning of Rev. Frank L. Phalen's fourth year as minister of this society; and he took occasion on that day to review the work that had been done during the three years of his ministry, taking as the subject of his anniversary sermon the theme "Our Memories and Hopes." He said that he was much gratified with the strong support given him in every department of church work, and thought that marked progress had been made along all lines. He touchingly referred to the many devoted and beloved parishioners who had passed on during the three years. Others, however, were taking their places in the church work, and laboring with zeal and enthusiasm; and there was every reason to believe that the church would continue to advance in usefulness and influence. A very large congregation listened with interest to the pastor's words.

On Sunday, December 8, we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. George W. Stone of Boston, treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, who spoke on the subject of the missionary work carried on by the Association. Mr. Stone is a man of impressive presence and a speaker of decided ability. He urged a larger interest and enthusiasm in the work of extending the church into new fields, and told of what had already been accomplished.

This society has recently received a bequest of $100 from the estate of the late Miss Nancy Fessenden.

The annual meeting of the Concord Female Benevolent Association was held in the chapel, Wednesday, December 4, and officers were elected for the ensuing year. The annual address before the association was delivered in the church on Sunday evening, December 8, by Rev. C. J. Staples of Manchester. Mr. Staples's address was an eloquent and scholarly one. He took for his subject "A Plea for the Helpless."

Channing Guild resumed regular meetings in the chapel on Sunday evening, December 1.

On Sunday evening, December 1, Rev. F. L. Phalen gave a very interesting lecture in the church on "Savonarola, the Monk, Reformer and Martyr of Florence." The annual Christmas sale of the Women's Alliance and the King's Daughters connected with this church was held on Tuesday afternoon and evening, December 10, and was a most delightful affair, as well as a financial success. Supper was served at

six o'clock to about two hundred people. The evening was given over to social pleasures. Confectionery, lemonade, ice-cream, and a variety of fancy articles were offered for sale.

Eastport, Me.—The new year promises to be one of still greater zeal and interest. A sewing-circle, with some social possibilities as adjuncts, is about to be organized. The "Study Class," meeting Thursday evenings at the parsonage, has also resumed its work. The Lend a Hand Club of girls has resumed its fortnightly meetings, and has, besides, some excellent work in view. The Alliance has had its first meeting for the season, and takes up on its study side Rev. Frederick B. Mott's "History of Unitarianism since the Reformation."

Ithaca, N.Y.—On November 24 the monthly vesper service was given. The musical numbers were by Barnby, Sullivan, Gadsby, and Tours, and were highly appreciated by a large audience. Mr. Calthrop of Syracuse preached on December 1, using the text, "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing." The eloquence and power of the discourse touched many responsive hearts. The Monday following a reception was given by Dean White of the university to the Liberal Unity League, at which Mr. Calthrop was present. The children's social and the Scotch evening were pleasant features of the month. The class in sociology discussed a paper by Mr. Fairchild of Troy, December 15. Mr. Fairchild advocates a systematic course of instruction in ethics and religion, this course to begin with the kindergarten, and to pass on through all the grades, the instructors having these classes in charge to be people of ability and of special training. The paper awoke an animated discussion, during which some valuable suggestions were made. The dome of the church has been beautified quite recently by the gift of Mrs. Kirkendall, a talented artist and friend of the church. The gift consists of eight paintings, four of which are finished. The subjects are taken from frescos by Forli, in the Vatican. During the last week T. F. Seward of New Jersey has been holding meetings in the various churches for the purpose of interesting the people in the Christian Brotherhood. The meetings have been attended by many earnest people, and have done a very great good in demonstrating the fact that there are a great many cherished convictions that are common to us all. We are too apt to make the differences prominent rather than to emphasize those things on which we can agree. Mr. Seward's subject in the Unitarian church was "The Spiritual Basis of Organized Society and Christian Unity." "The School of Life," by Mr. Seward, has received the highest commendation from such men as Prof. John Fiske, Drummond, Schurman, and others.

Jackson, Mich.—At the annual meeting of the Unitarian society held December 8 Rev. Walter A. Taylor was re-elected pastor for the following year by the enthusiastic and unanimous vote of his people, the whole assembly, men and women, springing at once to their feet when the question was put. The society, though not large, is united and flourishing. The adult class in the Sunday-school numbers over fifty members, several coming into it from other congregations. Rev. Mr. Taylor, who has been acting as its pastor two years, is very much beloved and respected.

Kansas.—The Van Mission: In the early part of the year Mr. Bland visited Westmoreland in June and Manhattan in July, specially to get in contact with institute candidates for examination, who attended from different parts of the counties of Pottawatomie and Riley, to whom he distributed a variety of literature and tracts and his *Van Mission Echoes.* While at Manhattan, he had interesting interviews with several of the professors at the college, and sold several books. Visited, with van, Olsburg, where much interest was taken in his work, though they were having stirring times made by a boy preacher, twenty-eight years of age! Through the receipt of a barrel of literature from the Orange Branch of the Alliance, July 24, a special extensive distribution was made, and also reading cycles formed for the purpose of promoting mutual interest in the different readers, a plan being arranged for the readers to pass the literature from one to the other in hopes that it would deepen the sympathies and prove more effective work. In August the "van" was started on its fall trip, and visited Garrison, where open-air meetings were held, and many interesting interviews with people of broad religious views. On the course of the journey of some thirteen miles, two reading cycles were formed, and supplied with literature, the residents participating living about a mile apart. This is a valuable feature of the Van Mission, as it is calculated to produce a helpful and kindly spirit, and practically forms an organized circulating library, deserving of being instituted in many places where there are no libraries. Also made a considerable visit to Manhattan, as the college was in session, and among the students made an extensive distribution of tracts and magazines, and was much pleased to talk with the professors, and find a great sympathy among them with modern higher criticism. A fair opening here presents itself for the commencement of an organization for this city. Mr. Bland's indisposition makes

him practically another "shut-in," and the work in which he has taken such deep interest must for a time be much more limited; but he hopes to carry on the publishing of the *Echo*, and trusts to be encouraged in this feature of his missionary work by the receipt of many new subscribers. Further information will be given on application. Mr. Bland thanks all who have so kindly aided the work of the mission.

Madison, Wis.—The Unitarian church stands for a rational theology and a religion pure and undefiled. It has worked along constructive lines; and, by virtue of its location at this educational centre, it has reached and influenced the young men and women of Wisconsin and neighboring States. The church seems now entering upon a period of prosperity even greater than it has enjoyed at any time in the past. The president of the Young People's Guild says: A little over two years ago, when our church was trying once again to move forward, and all earnest members were looking about to see what could be done, it occurred to one who was much interested that the pith of the vitality of the church rested in the strength of the young people. So, being of a practical turn of mind, another member was conferred with; and it was at once decided to act. An invitation was extended "to all young people interested in the growth of liberal religion" to meet for consultation; and the starting-point for the guild was made. And, when we closed our first year's labors, *we* were fully convinced that we represented something, and that after the summer's rest we should renew our efforts with redoubled vigor. Re-electing officers of the past year, with the exception of the vice-president, we added new departments of usefulness, consisting of a Flower Mission, Circulating Library of Magazines and Lectures, a Dramatic Club being included. For our literary work we have arranged biographical studies of Channing, Parker, Starr King, Helen Hunt Jackson, Charles Sumner, Charlotte Cushman, and Henry Ward Beecher. We feel that by a study of leading liberal minds, and so being in touch with them, we are learning from example the usefulness of liberalism, and in this way are laying good foundations for the best type of womanhood and manhood. With our guild we hope to utilize the unused material, and, by guiding it aright, develop it into the brain and sinew of the church. In addition, we desire to carry out any charitable work that may be within our reach, realizing always that our first duty is to help bear the burdens of the church. Before closing, we must add that we wish the minister and church to feel that in the guild are resources as yet but little used in the strength, elasticity, and hopefulness of the young men and women.

Oakland, Cal.—Mr. Wendte was greeted by a large congregation on his return from the East. His topic was "At the Nation's Capital." He gave an account of the physical, political, social, and religious aspects of Washington life, and closed with a brief report of the recent National Unitarian Conference in that city. The society has kept up well during his absence. The last Sunday service was conducted by Rev. George H. Rice of Stockton, who preached a most excellent sermon. The readings by Mr. Hannibal Williams of New York and the Unity Club and Starr King Fraternity socials were much enjoyed.

Omaha, Neb.—The Unity Club of the First Unitarian Church has arranged a very interesting programme and course of study for the coming season. Meetings every Saturday evening, promptly at eight o'clock, commencing November 9,—one week a paper on English civic history, and the next week a literary section. "English Civic History, A.D. 449–1776," a study of selected periods, topics, and institutions illustrating the legal, constitutional, and economic evolution of England until the separation of America, prepared and conducted by Mr. Charles S. Lobingier; literary section, "Molière," prepared and conducted by Mr. Mann. In addition to the foregoing a lecture course will be given at Unity Church during the winter, the full details of which will be made public later. The list of lecturers will include several of national reputation, as well as some of the best local talent.

Providence, R.I.—At Westminster Church the Women's Alliance held a well-attended meeting on December 9. An extremely interesting paper on "The Status of Women in Japan" was read by Mrs. Liscom. On Christmas Eve there was a gathering in the vestry, at which a number of the poorer children of our city were entertained. A cantata entitled "Santa Claus, Junior," was given, under the direction of the Friday Club. In this the little ones of the primary class, so efficiently taught by Miss Dora Calder, took a leading part. On the Sunday before Thanksgiving the usual offering was taken for the charities of the church. Although the amount was generous and larger than last year, it will nevertheless be insufficient to meet the innumerable calls for help which are made upon a modern church. Some of the young men have been interesting themselves in trying to form a district conference of the Society for Organizing Charity. The Westminster Church stands in the heart of the business section of the city, and it is not easy to find residents in the locality willing to undertake the work.

Roxbury, Mass.—The work of raising the debt on the church goes bravely on, and

the gap between the conditional thousands and the subscriptions grows less.

Santa Ana, Cal.—Our society in this city is again experiencing the disadvantage of being without a home of its own. Unity Hall has been leased for a term of years by the military company. The society will hold services for the present in the new Grand Army of the Republic Hall. In the mean time a fine corner lot has been purchased, and it is hoped that erelong the wanderings of the society may cease.

Seattle, Wash.—Notwithstanding its financial difficulties the church in its various activities gives promise of better times. Sunday congregations are good. In social and other life the church is being benefited, as it has never before had opportunity to be, by the cohering power and aid of the pastor's good wife, Mrs. Acton. A "Kermess" is in process of preparation, to be given shortly before the holidays, under the direction of Miss Harris. Much interest is being shown, and the prospect for success is considered good. The Ladies' Auxiliary is well attended, with a membership of thirty or more. The Young People's Unity Club meets every other Wednesday evening. "The Young People's Circle" is the name of a new and popular organization of twenty or more boys and girls under the leadership of Mrs. Rexford and others. Its members write papers, recite, and play games on Saturday evening with much interest and enjoyment. The Sunday-school of about forty children grows under the superintendency of Mr. Huntley. Special room has been arranged for a kindergarten class of a dozen or more under the efficient care of Miss Polluck.

Springfield, Mass.—This is the Christmas season. Sunday, December 15, our Sunday-school spent their entire session in rehearsing carols for the Christmas service a week hence. After the rehearsal the boys and girls were called upon to bring to the parsonage during the next week discarded toys for distribution among poor children. During the week previous the scholars brought books, and the nucleus of a Sunday-school library was sent as a Christmas present to a new church in Willimantic. Christmas Day will be of unusual interest this year at the Church of the Unity. There will be a morning service, at which five other denominations in this city will unite with us to hear the angels' song, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Christmas night the usual Christmas party of the Sunday-school will take place in Masonic Hall.

The Saint Theresa Branch of the King's Daughters have earned the money for their Christmas charities. November 23 these young ladies, together with the Post-office Mission, held a sale at the parsonage, at which tea was served. The profits were $62, which the two societies divided evenly between them. The King's Daughters made $20 by means of an entertainment Monday afternoon, December 2. It was a recital given by Miss Anna Vernon Dorsey, at which the true negro of the South was vividly portrayed. Miss Dorsey is a native of Maryland, and was introduced by Rev. Bradley Gilman as a reconstructed rebel. Her recital is quaint and pleasing, consisting of negro songs and stories. She accompanied herself upon the guitar. From their full treasury the King's Daughters will now draw funds to provide certain poor families with turkey dinners. They will also remember with presents the inmates of the Old Ladies' Home and of the Day Nursery.

Tacoma, Wash.—At a meeting of the Free Church the following resolutions were passed:—

"Whereas we have heard with deepest regret of the death of Octavius B. Frothingham of Boston, one of the foremost thinkers of his time, an honest, earnest, and fearless advocate of the cause of universal religion, a warm friend and honorary trustee of this society, a frequent contributor to the pages of its organ, the *Free Church Record*, therefore,—

"*Be it resolved*, by the members of the First Free Church of Tacoma, That it is the feeling of this organization that we have lost a true and tried friend, and the cause for which we stand a valued supporter and exponent, whose services, so valuable in the past, will continue to bear fruit in the years to come."

Woodland, Cal.—Rev. Mrs. E. T. Wilkes has been continuing her missionary work here and at Palo Alto, under the joint auspices of the American Unitarian Association and the Pacific Women's Unitarian Conference. She has also visited Santa Cruz and Sacramento in the interests of our cause.

Worcester, Mass.—The December meeting of the League of Unitarian Women was held on Wednesday, December 18, at the Second Parish Church, Worcester, Mrs. Calvin Stebbins, president, in the chair. After the opening exercises a paper on "Recent Religious News," written by Miss Martha Adams of Boston, was read by Mrs. Sarah Theo. Brown. The subject of the day, "How shall Religion be made manifest?" was divided into three heads, and treated as follows: "In the Home," by Mrs. Royal Cheney; "In Social Relations," by Mrs. Alma G. Boyden; "In Politics," by Mrs. C. L. French of Clinton. It was voted to send the contribution of the day, amounting to $6, to the church at Leicester. Representatives from six country towns and five Worcester churches were present.

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Mr. Sunderland's *College Town Pulpit* is necessarily suspended during his year abroad, but is to be resumed on his return. The next number may be expected in September, 1896. Back numbers (sermons for 1894-95) can be furnished to order. Subjects: 1. "The Soul's Cry for God"; 2. "Jesus as Humanity's Ideal"; 3. "Sectarianism: Its Causes and Cure"; 4. "The True Cross of Christ"; 5. "Was Jesus God? How did he come to be worshipped?" 6. "Loyalty to Conviction"; 7. "Is Life a Blessing?" 8. "Mr. Ingersoll's Treatment of the Bible"; 9. "A Religion for a Republic"; 10. "The Surest Way of doing Good."

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Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things;

Love never faileth.

These words, which have brought strength and comfort to those who heard them spoken, are now sent forth as messages to others."

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